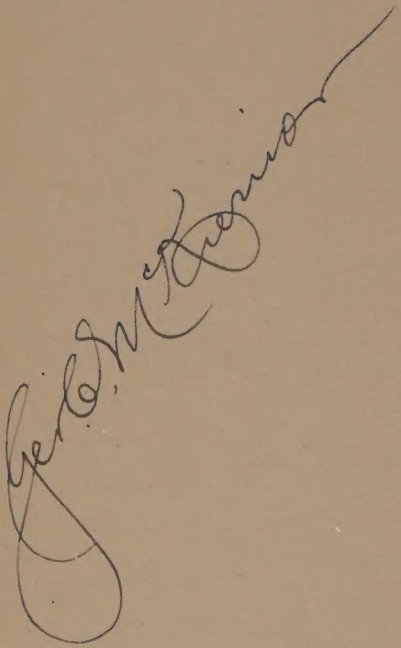

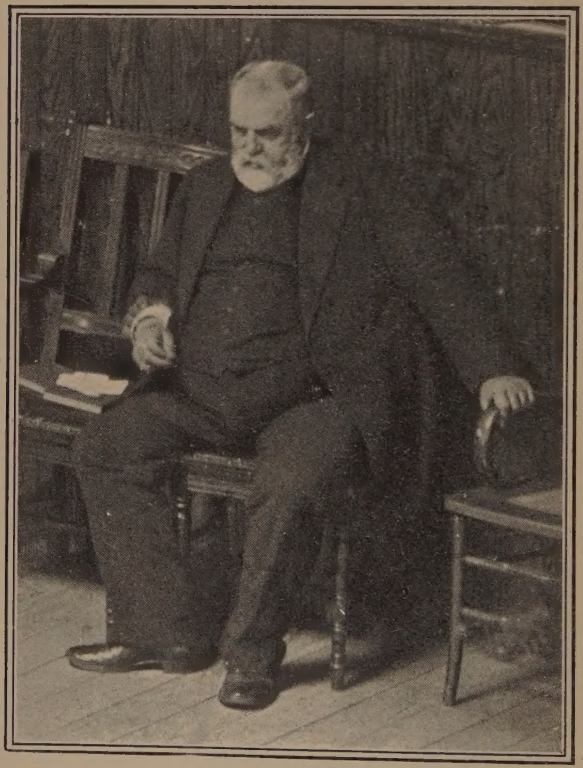

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D. L. Moody

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS

MODERN MARVELS IN THE HISTORY OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE :: ::

By ARTHUR T. PIERSON

FOURTH SERIES

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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PREFACE

HIS fourth series of the miracles of missions has, like the other volumes of the series, one simple object—namely, to illustrate Christ's fidelity to His last great promise. The last great command, "Go, teach all nations," is forever linked to an assurance, the full meaning of which can never be known until, from the eternal mount of vision, the whole pathway of God's mission host is reviewed.

Four words hold the substance of the promise—"I AM WITH YOU." Even their order is significant as it appears in the Greek: "*I with you am*," the pronoun which stands for the Lord Jesus being separated from its verb far enough to let in the two words which have to do with the disciple, as though literally to throw about him the shelter of the assurance and surround him with the promised presence.

This phrase, "I am with thee," is one of the Bible's standard promises, and perhaps the most conspicuous and oft repeated. It stands

like a Divine signal at the parting of the ways, at every new crisis of history: as to Abraham, when he went out from Haran; to Isaac, when he went up to Beersheba; to Jacob, when he left Bethel, and again when he returned to the land of his fathers, and again when he went down into Egypt; to Moses, when he was sent to Pharaoh; to Joshua, when he entered Canaan; to Gideon, when he was sent against the Midianites; to Saul, when he was called to the Kingdom; to Jonathan, when he went against the Philistines; to Solomon, when he took the throne; to Jeremiah, when sent on his prophetic mission. The sacred name Immanuel is this promise crystallized—"God with us." And our Lord himself was perpetually sustained by this same confidence—"He that sent me is with me."

The promise as it appears in Isaiah xli : 10 takes, in the Septuagint, a poetic form, as though to be more conspicuous : *

"Be fearless, calm!
I with thee am."

Thus, this promise is representative. It is the great Jehovah word of assurance that banishes fear, compensates for loneliness,

* μη φοβου!
εγω ειμι μετα σου.

emboldens against foes, assures in difficulty, and warrants final victory. It was this that led Luther to dare to go to Worms, and moved John Wesley to exclaim that "one with God is a majority."

In its peculiar setting in this missionary command, it becomes the banner motto of the missionary host. The Lord Jesus Christ says: "Lo, I am with you all the days, until the consummation of the age." * There is no greater promise of its sort. It plainly assures Christ's obedient followers of His personal presence, and explicitly conveys three additional and definite assurances which bring the general promise within practical limits:

First, over the whole work of preaching and teaching the Gospel to the nations there is His personal and perpetual supervision;

Second, this superintendence reaches to minute events, for it takes in "all the days";

Third, it guides all things, so that they move toward one final and complete end; not an ending simply, but a goal—a consummation.

This suggests a great theme, which can be adequately examined only on a great scale. To apprehend it truly, to comprehend it fully, the whole range and scope of creation and the

* *συντελεια.*

entire duration of the ages must be embraced. Like Ezekiel, we must survey the rim of a wheel whose height is dreadful, reaching from earth to heaven, and moving forward on a pathway that reaches to the very end of Time.

We are persuaded that this is a much-neglected theme. Amid all the vast and voluminous literature of missions we know not one book whose sole purpose is to trace the marks and proofs of the actual presence of the Commander-in-chief on the field of conflict and in the vast movements of the campaign. And this fact incites us now to a brief survey, for the sake of presenting a few of the many examples of this superintending providence of God in missions, the fuller treatment of which we have attempted in another form.*

What proofs and illustrations does mission history present and furnish of a Divine and personal presence and providence in the work of a world's evangelization?

We naturally turn first to the "Acts of the Apostles," where we have the record of the first generation of Church history, immediately succeeding the giving of Christ's command.

*See "The Modern Mission Century." Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

His believers went forth as they were bidden, to bear their witness. History is the interpreter of Scripture. He said, "Lo, I am with you"; how did the facts both explain and fulfil His word?

Within the twenty-eight chapters of the Acts we may find at least twelve marked illustrations of this promised personal presence:

First, in Pentecostal outpourings in Jerusalem, Samaria, Cesarea, and Ephesus;

Second, in the calling of laborers by name and sending them forth to their work;

Third, in preparing them for their exact mission and directing their steps;

Fourth, in opening doors of access and of faith to the nations;

Fifth, in the assurance and experience of His presence in times of peril;

Sixth, in emboldening His messengers for suffering and martyrdom;

Seventh, in their compensations for trial and in answered prayer;

Eighth, in the conversion, even of persecuters and opposers;

Ninth, in marvelous deliverances from prison and death;

Tenth, in startling acts of retributive judgment visited upon foes;

Eleventh, in great triumphs of power and grace bestowed on their labors;

Twelfth, in the evidences of a general Divine administration.

To each of these the Acts of the Apostles, brief as it is, both in the record it contains and in the history it covers, furnishes both demonstration and illustration.

Now, if the work of modern missions is a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles, we shall find in it conspicuous signs of this same personal presence, and in similar directions. That this is true, the study of the history of missions will prove to any unprejudiced inquirer.

For example, we have adduced a few instances in each department, sufficient to represent the class for which they stand, and these are what compose the sketches in these four volumes.

In sending forth this, the fourth of the series, we prayerfully invoke God's blessing on the humble attempt to show how wonderfully Christ has vindicated His own faithfulness.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

1127 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
October, 1901.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS

FOURTH SERIES

No. I

The Miracles of Prayer

HE central idea in every miracle is the *working of God*. What can be accounted for by natural law or force, however wonderful, is not miraculous; but effects which are above nature or contrary to nature's working are called miracles because they are *wonders* and *signs* at the same time. They are wonders, because out of the usual course; they are signs, because they show a supernatural power at work, and are therefore evidences of a Divine Being.

Prayer, in its highest form and working, is a perpetual miracle. Many results of praying belong to the lower level, and, however blessed,

might be accounted for without any special intervention of God; but others demand as their ultimate cause and only satisfactory explanation a prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God.

For example, if a man prays for a better life in himself—more humility, patience, prudence, gentleness, unselfishness—the constant dwelling upon these graces and virtues of character would naturally lead to their cultivation. What we really aspire to be we grow to be. It is a law of our very being, that we become assimilated in character to the objects of thought and desire.

But there is another realm of prayer where results are not to be adequately accounted for by the most honest, earnest, and persistent self-culture or self-effort. Where, for example, the prayer is for others; is secret, known only to God; is aimed at results which we do not or can not personally effect or affect; where what we pray for has been already vainly sought and attempted by us and by others in various ways, so that all ordinary human and actual means have been fully but unsuccess-

fully tested—in such cases, when the answer to prayer is given, in remarkable ways, and at a time that exactly coincides with the offering of the petition; and when particularly the parties used to work out the result knew nothing of the fact that prayer had been made for it—in all such cases we find it impossible to account for the coincidence between the supplication and the event, unless we accept the Bible solution—that God has heard and answered.

A few examples of the miracles of prayer will serve the double purpose of illustrating our great theme, and of stimulating the prayer habit and faith in God's working, so as to multiply these prayer miracles in our own history. The place of prayer, especially of intercessory prayer in missions, few if any have ever yet grasped. Here and there one man or woman seems to have caught sight of the fact that the *highest privilege* of a saint is found in this realm. It is the closest identification with the great Intercessor within us, for only as He moves us can such pleading be possible;

and it is the closest identification with the other great Intercessor above, for this brings us into the Holy of Holies, to stand before the very mercy-seat itself, and become, like Him, mediators between God and men.

There has been no crisis in missions which has not turned upon prayer as a pivot. When the secrets of all the unwritten history of the century are unveiled we shall discover for the first time how the prayers of saints in the closet have controlled events, as Elijah's prayers held the key of heaven's flood-gates and brought down from above the rain and the fire of God! If the facts were but known, what a chapter might be written on God's Intercessors! But most of them have been hidden with God in that holiest place whose veil has never yet been rent asunder, and their history pertains to the thick darkness where God dwells.

Now and then one case comes to light by God's design, so that we may get a glimpse of what is forever going on beyond the circle of mortal vision; and what marvels are disclosed as

to the union of Divine and human forces in the work of God! The same Spirit who moves on the heart of the supplicator moves at the same time on the hearts of those for whom he supplicates, as the same Divine power which directed Philip to the Ethiopean eunuch at that moment was moving on the eunuch to search the Word and inquire as to its meaning; and as again, while Cornelius was moved to send for Peter, Peter was being prepared to go to Cornelius.

The foundations of the mission for the Jews in Pesth, Hungary, were laid in the prayers of two intercessors, widely separated and brought into a symphony of supplication by the touch of the Spirit of God, as a master musician presses two keys on a piano or organ as he chooses, and makes them to respond in a chord. Mr. R. Wodrow, of Glasgow, as his private records afterward revealed, gave whole days to fasting and prayer on behalf of Israel. Fifteen hundred miles distant, in the Prince Palatine's palace, Maria Dorothea, the archduchess, from the window of her boudoir was

gazing down on a city of a hundred thousand people, and day by day for seven years pouring out her soul in intercession to God, at times in agony of heart reaching out her hands toward heaven, beseeching God for at least one true herald of the Gospel to be sent to Hungary. She had been strangely prepared for her work of intercession. Some time before, a family bereavement drove her to the Word of God for the comfort and consolation nowhere else to be found. In her walks through God's green pastures "she met Jesus." She saw the lack of the Roman Catholic Church, in which she was under legal constraint to bring up her children, and she taught them the truth as she now saw it for herself, with much prayer seeking to inculcate in them the knowledge of saving grace while yearning for some God-appointed teacher to help her and them. The year 1840 came, and just at that time the archduchess heard a voice speaking to her from between the cherubim above the mercy-seat.* She was mysteriously assured that a

*Numbers vii : 89.

stranger was about to come to Pesth as a divinely commissioned messenger of God to those beloved Hungarians. Her prayer was answered, her hope had its fruition, and her vision its fulfilment; but it was by a strange course of events.

In 1838 a deputation of four men had been sent from Scotland to visit various communities of resident Jews and choose stations for mission work among them. Those four remarkable men were Robert Murray McCheyne, Andrew Bonar, and Drs. Keith and Black. Curiously enough, Hungary had been left out in their plans, on account of Austrian intolerance which seemed to render any work among the large Jewish residency in Hungary hopeless. But God's full time had come, and He brought about what no human plan had embraced. An accident to Dr. Black in the farther East had turned the travelers into a new homeward route, through Pesth, and there Dr. Keith was taken dangerously ill of cholera. The archduchess heard of his illness, and a strong impression was created in her

mind that it was this strange event that was to prove the key to her hopes for Hungary. Sleep left her until she herself found her way to the stranger's bedside and ministered to his comfort. Then as his convalescence followed she poured out her heart to him somewhat as she had done to God, begging him to plant a mission for Hungarian Jews in Pesth, and assuring him of all the help she could give. Thus came the mission, since closely linked with the beloved and revered names of Rabbi Duncan and Adolph Saphir.

Can any one read this story and account for all these coincidences without admitting into the problem a prayer-hearing God? Two praying disciples who never saw each other; a fall from a camel's back to one man, and the pains and perils of cholera to another; a human plan to establish missions among the Jews, with Austrian Hungary designedly left out, and a Divine plan to establish such missions, with Hungary purposely left in; a rumor of a stranger's almost fatal illness, and a visit of the archduchess to his bedside—these are some

of the leadings of the blind by a way they knew not, by One who knew His own mind and how to fulfil the intercessory prayers which His blessed Spirit awakened in the hearts of the suppliants.

About the same time that these intercessions prevailed in Hungary, Charles G. Finney was moving America as an evangelist; and two men are interwoven with his whole career, to whose prayers he felt was due the power of his own preaching—"Father Nash" and Abel Clary.

Father Nash used to pray with a map of the world before him, and his prayers traveled from station to station; and, like Krapf and Livingstone, he died on his knees. In his journal were found such entries as these: "I think I have had this day a spirit of prayer for ——," the name of the station and the date being added. Careful comparison with current events proved that in all those stations, and at the same time and in the same order, revivals had taken place. Father Nash had inflamed eyes which sometimes com-

pelled him to shut himself up in darkness for days, but there he found closet-fellowship with God, and mighty results were wrought.

Abel Clary, likewise, had such a spirit of supplication that he could do little else but pray, and often his agony in prayer exhausted his bodily strength. He interceded day and night.—To such intercessors Mr. Finney attributed the great awakenings such as that in the district of Rochester, where one hundred thousand were said to have been turned to God in one year. Dr. Lyman Beecher pronounced this the greatest work of God and revival of religion ever seen within so short a time.

Mr. Moody, in his tours in Britain, owed his success to God's intercessors. In 1872 he was appointed to preach for Rev. Mr. Lessey in North London. In the evening there was a great movement of the Spirit, though Mr. Moody said he had no sense of any peculiar working of God in himself; and nearly the whole audience rose in response to his invitation to those who were ready to turn to God.

Thinking he had not made himself clear, he asked all such to go into the inquiry-room, and the response was equally prompt and general. Not only so, but when he went next day to Dublin, Mr. Lessey telegraphed him to return, as the inquirers were increasing in numbers, and he came back for a ten days' mission, which brought four hundred converts into the church.

It was found afterward that all this was due to the prayers of a bedridden woman who, reading of Mr. Moody's meetings in America, began to beseech God to bring him across the sea and to that church. He was personally unknown to her, and with his coming she had absolutely nothing to do, except by prayer. When her sister, returning from church that Sunday morning, told the invalid that a Mr. Moody from America had preached, she replied with awe: "I know what it means! God has heard my prayers."

In Mr. Moody's subsequent campaigns at Oxford and Cambridge, it was the mothers' prayer-meeting that turned the tide. When

the lawless rowdyism of university students made impossible the hearing of his preaching or of Mr. Sankey's singing, he gathered some three hundred godly women of Cambridge in the Alexander Hall, simply for prayer, and one after another, with tears, they pleaded with God for university men as for "some mothers' sons." And that night there was the stillness of God, and scores of men humbled their pride in confessions of sin and need of God. Mr. Moody was wont to refer to this as the "greatest victory of his life," and as solely due to those prayers.

In the history of the Church Missionary Society the days of the intercession have had a marked influence; in some cases they have been turning-points.

In 1871, 1872, the low-water mark was touched as to the supply of candidates for the mission field. But at the end of the latter year the tide began to turn; and the point where the ebb ceased and the flow began was the First Day of Intercession. This Divine remedy was suggested by the Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel, which was also suffering for lack of recruits. The Primate appointed a day, and the secretary of this society suggested to the committee of the C. M. S. to join in the movement. The day, December 20, 1872, was widely and heartily kept all over the land, though the leading paper of the kingdom, *The Times*, ridiculed "so useless and fatuous an observance."

In the few months following more offers of service were received by both societies than in as many years preceding, and a Day of Intercession has become since an annual observance. Two hundred and twenty-four were added to the roll in the ten years between 1873–1882, as against one hundred and fifty-nine in the eleven years from 1862–1872; and in men the increase was fully fifty per cent., the percentage of women remaining the same.

On the first Monday of January, 1854, one of the most celebrated prayer-meetings ever recorded in mission history was held in Southern India. There were but five persons met

—Dr. Lyman Jewett and his wife, Christian Nursu, a native preacher, and two native Biblewomen, Julia and Ruth. The place of assembly was the summit of a hill which overlooks the village of Ongole. Below them stretched the large village then, as yet, utterly given to idolatry and heathenism, and a heathen temple adorned the hillside. The spirit of supplication was outpoured, and each of the little company, in turn, besought God for a missionary for Ongole. Mr. Jewett, believing that the commandment had gone forth, and that from the beginning of their supplications their prayer was heard, with the prophetic foresight of faith, pointing to a lovely site where then the cactus grew rank, said: "Julia, what a good place for a mission-house!" On that very spot the house of the first missionary to Ongole stood. Three months later Mr. James Wilkins, sent from Nellore to take up government work in Ongole, chose this exact location for his house; but he was transferred to another locality and the house passed into other hands, and after-

ward became the property of the mission. Then, twelve years after that prayer on the hilltop, the complete answer came in the person of that remarkable man, John E. Clough. *

Thus a gracious God permits His humblest believer to act as His steward, not only in the distribution of money, but in the sublimer administration of the riches of intercession known only to the praying soul.

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* "History of American Baptist Missions," Merriam, 135–7.

No. II

"Khama, the Good"—The Christian Chief of Africa*

HEN Rev. James Davidson Hepburn arrived at Shoshong, in August, 1871, to take up his life-work among the Bamangwato, he was met by two young chiefs, Khama and Khamane. It is of the first of these that we now write—one of the most remarkable men ever brought to Christ in the Dark Continent, in himself a sufficient witness to the value of foreign missions, as one diamond may sometimes justify all the cost of a mine.

Macheng was then ruling the tribe. He was a usurper into whose hands Sekhome had put the tribal scepter in order to keep

* "Ten Years North of the Orange River," by Rev. Jno. Mackenzie. "Twenty Years in Khama's Country," edited by C. H. Lyall. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL IN DARKEST AFRICA.

out of the succession Khama, his son and lawful heir; but Sekhome himself was now in exile. Macheng had a visitor, Kuruman, chief of the Matabele, who was stirring him up as Jezebel did Ahab, to get rid of all missionaries and white folk, and then to help him do the same with intruders in Matabele-land. Macheng fell into the plot, and sent three regiments of the Bamangwato back with Kuruman. On the way, however, the Bamangwato rebelled against Macheng's orders, and declared that they would obey no chief but their lawful ruler, Khama. This added fuel to the flame of Macheng's hatred, and he resolved, if possible, to get rid of Khama. He secretly resorted to native charms and drugs, and tried to get strychnine as a more deadly weapon. His more harmless medicines proved of no effect; and, as for the strychnine, a sharp-witted salesman, having his suspicions, sold his agent *marking-ink* for the poison. Even had it been the deadly drug he thought, the plan would have failed, for, when Khama and Khamane were invited to drink

Macheng's wife's coffee, they respectfully declined, and so the "marking-ink" went untasted.

A crisis was reached in August, 1872, when Khama drove away the murderous usurper and became actual chief. The following Sunday he inaugurated his reign in a manner that became a Christian chief, and which reminds of the similar coronation day of Ranavalona II. in Madagascar, in the year 1868. Khama held in his courtyard a service of worship to the true God, and, moreover, announced that henceforth no other sort of service would be held there. This caused great joy to lovers of God, for Macheng's rule had been most reckless in tyranny. Anarchy had been rampant, traders being robbed and maltreated beyond endurance; even the missionaries suffered, and the native congregations were violently dispersed and scattered. It was these outrages, in fact, that had brought on the crisis of revolution that drove out the usurper.

For a few months matters moved on

smoothly, though beneath the surface there were disturbing forces at work. Between the brothers Khama and Khamane there was strong mutual distrust. Khama was an out-and-out Christian, and would not even conform outwardly to pagan notions and customs. For example, he publicly and positively refused to "make rain," and persisted in his refusal, even in the face of the entreaties of the old heathen head men. He wisely forbore to force his religion on others; neither would he allow them to force upon him their superstitious rites, since he had found a better way. He bade them to cry to their God like the Baal worshipers of Elijah's time; but he, like that prophet, would know only Jehovah, and prayed for rain in another fashion. Khamane was more vacillating and deceitful, and really resorted to sorceries.

About the end of 1872, Khama, prompted by filial regard and a forgiving spirit, recalled his father from a six years' exile. Old Sekhome came back to Shoshong early in 1873, and with his return old heathen abominations

revived. Shortly afterward Khama left for Serue, a day or two's journey off, followed by nearly all his tribe. It seemed strange that God's Providence should permit such a turn of affairs, but it appeared later that there was a Divine design even in this absence of Khama, for it was overruled to work a greater good, it being during this interval that mission work was undertaken on a larger scale.

It was a great tribute to Khama's real greatness and goodness that, after his withdrawal, matters became so much worse that messengers were sent to Serue to beg him to return; and, when their plea proved unavailing, Khamane was induced to go on a similar errand, and the missionaries sent a deputation with him. But Khama calmly but resolutely refused. He saw that they were inviting him back to a ruin, and that what Sekhome and Khamane and their followers sought was not himself whom they hated, but his people who had followed him into his voluntary exile but who were the real strength of the tribe. The chief was inflexible. "When I was with you," he said,

"my presence was soreness to the eyes; you treated me as a dog in my own courtyard and before my own people. Therefore I refuse to sit with you and Sekhome in the same town. I have had enough of that; let us separate. Take your path and I shall take mine. Those who prefer to stay with you, let them stay; and those who wish to come to me, let them come." The deputation returned unsuccessful.

As Serue was lacking in natural defenses, to remain there long was to invite attack from the Matabele, and so Khama moved to the river Zouga. On the journey and afterward raids were made on his cattle, and even the women were taken captive, but, in all this trial of patience, Khama evinced no passion or resentment, but conducted himself like a Christian, although Sekhome and Khamane themselves were the main aggressors, and Sekhome actually sought his life—the father seeking to destroy his own son.

The year 1875, however, witnessed Khama's triumphant release from his voluntary exile,

and his establishment in his proper position, as undisputed chief of the Bamangwato. The darkness now began to give way before a brighter dawn, and God showed that even the trials to which the missionaries and native church at Shoshong had been subjected was not without a purpose in His own mind. A Christian chief and his followers had been driven away by the malice of foes, but their forcible withdrawal God had used as the opening of a door to a new native church among the Balauana at Lake Ngami.* These details we only note in passing, as we mainly seek to give the profile of this remarkable African ruler. Moremi, the Balauana chief, came to Shoshong, and saw how the good Khama ruled his people, and got good counsel from him, though he failed to act on it. He pleaded with Khama for native beer, and smuggled it secretly into his house. Khama had told him what a hard work it had been to break down the drink habit in his town, both among whites

* "Twenty Years in Khama's Country," p. 36, *et seq.*

and blacks, and calmly reasoned with him on the injustice of thus visiting the town of another chief and obstructing the working of beneficent laws. The subtle Balauana chief pretended to acquiesce, while he not only trampled on Khama's injunctions, but got Khama's youngest brother to act as his agent!

This upright Christian chief had no tame amiability. Holy love has its holy wrath, and he that loves good loathes evil by the same law; and Khama's indignation was aroused. He burned down his brother's house, setting fire to it with his own hand, to punish him for his course in becoming the accomplice of Moremi in his duplicity and iniquity.*

The battle against drink had been long and resolute. In 1870, five years before, Macheng had been chief at Shoshong, and hostile to the Gospel. There was a beginning made in a school and a congregation of believers. But the traders on the station were godless, and

* *Ibid.*, p. 85.

drinking, gambling, swearing, and general recklessness stamped their daily life. They were in constant quarrels with the native Bamangwato, whom they plundered and outraged, and by whom they were plundered in turn. Any appeal to Macheng was not only useless but rather returned on the head of the outraged complainant. The chief was the administrator of injustice, and Shoshong was the hell of the country, from which no respectable party cared to hail. The traders themselves owned that it was the best place to ruin body and soul.

This was surely a place to test the power of the Gospel, and especially the patience, prayerfulness, and purpose of a native Christian ruler. Here were the "Augean stables," and could any Hercules be found to cleanse them? Mr. Hepburn, in 1880, wrote to the directors of the London Missionary Society, "*Truly my eyes have beheld the mighty power of God at work, both in providence and in grace, or it has never been seen on earth.*"

He saw Macheng removed: he died of drink,

that "civilizing agent" of some who call themselves Christians. The brandy seller is sometimes himself proof against drink, while he is ruining wholesale the bodies and souls of the poor, degraded victims to whom he sells it. When Khama became chief of the Bamangwato, old traders died out or moved out, and a Christian community began to grow up, and young married men began to come in who not only were not foes of missions, but disposed to aid the missionary. This, however, was a gradual change. For a long time, however, Khama's position was one of conflict and difficulty. He had against him the old heathen element again, and, at the same time, traders who, as he said, "trod his laws under foot because he was a black man." They would hide brandy casks in mountain caves, and then come and lie to the chief, using a missionary as interpreter, while they were smuggling in their "fire-water."

Mr. Hepburn, after personal and constant contact with the persons and events, writes: "I know of no other interior chief who has

even *attempted* the half that Khama has *accomplished*, in advancing his people toward the goal of civilization." He not only kept foreign brandy out, but stopped native beer-making. He put an end to pagan "rain-making," and other hoary ceremonies of superstition, but he brought in Christian services and rites to take their place. He made a law against the slave-trade in Masariva (Bushmen), and he abolished *bogadi* (bargaining for wives in cattle), and introduced the law of marriage from free choice. On the ruins of anarchy and social chaos he built up a Christian state, stable and orderly, and he made home sacred and a purer morality to grow up side by side with better crops. *

At the same time Khama, while refusing to observe or countenance old heathen customs, did not force any one to adopt *his* religion, in which he remained firm and calmly persistent. The old men set themselves to maintain the pagan observances and to organize opposition to the new chief; he had trouble from Kha-

* *Ibid.*, pp. 121–2.

mane and the Boers, and worse trouble from famine. But, in this hard time, Mr. Hepburn encouraged him to do what Hezekiah and Nehemiah did in times of distress—lay it all before God in prayer. Amid the scoffs of neighboring chiefs, it was hard for Khama to hold his ground, but a *week of prayer was held* and rain fell in torrents; but, what was better, God opened other windows in the higher heavens, and floods of spiritual blessing came down. There was an outpoor of rain for twenty-seven days, and, as Mr. Hepburn says, "If that was not *answering prayer*, then I don't know *how* God is to answer prayer." *

The Makalaka rain god, a man, Ukwali, who lived in a cave, tried to get a hold on Khama, through Lobengula, another chief, but Khama calmly answered that he "could not see how *a god who ate porridge like himself* could be of any use to him;" and this defeat was the ruin of the Makalaka rain god, and led his followers, too, to desert his cause, eager to

* *Ibid.*, p. 136.

have more to do with the God of Khama and the Christian Bamangwato.

Khama seems to have been conspicuous for what Mr. Hepburn calls a "steadfast, God-inspired determination." Much that was attributed to the missionaries was due to him. When yet a lad he used to dream of governing a town as it should be, and one thing he determined on was that no drink should curse any such town where he ruled. When he set his eye on a goal he moved quietly and steadily on toward it. He himself stood out against the ideal of Bechuana "big chiefism," which is to drink, smoke, snuff, and have a harem. He had never anything to do with native charms, medicines, witchcraft, etc. He had early refused to perform a sacred religious ceremony at his father's command, at risk of being disinherited, and he continued to carry out his program of independence and intrepidity.

He began to fight red rum systematically. He called the white men together and told them his mind. They pleaded to be allowed

to bring in small cases of brandy as *medicine*. He gave consent, but said he must see no drunkenness. Of course the drunkenness came. Then there was a new summons for the white men, and this time they were forbidden even to bring in drink for their private table use. "Bring none! I will allow none! There's an end of it." Khama had to resort to fines, threats, and even to banishment from the country; but he stood firm. When, after many provocations, the crisis came, and notwithstanding oft-repeated warnings there was drunken violence and uproar, the good Khama wore a stern face which always meant fixed purpose. He went and saw with his own eyes how his laws were trampled on, and then he said:

You despise my laws because I am a black man. Well, if I am black, I am chief of my own country, and I rule here and shall maintain my laws. Go back to your own country. Take all that is yours, and go. If there is any other white man who does not like my laws, let him go, too. I am trying to lead my people to act according to the Word of God which we have received from you white people, and

you, white people, show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You know that some of my own brothers have learned to like the drink and that I do not want them even to *see* it that they may forget the habit; and yet you not only bring it and offer it to them, but try to tempt *me* with it. I make an end of it to-day. Go, leave my town, and never come back!

The effect of such talk from an African chief was like a thunderclap—everybody was stunned. One man at last ventured to plead for exemption from the stern law of banishment, on the ground that he had grown up in the country and that he and Khama were old friends. "Surely, for old friendship's sake, you will pity *me!*"

"Friendship!" said the indignant Khama. "You call yourself my friend, do you? You are the ringleader among those who insult and despise my laws." Then, with withering words of rebuke, he answered his plea for pity, by reminding him that there was a "pity" which he owed to his own people. His answer was worthy of Chief-Justice Hale, who had used similar words, of the "mercy" due to

his own country and which he would endanger if he was unduly merciful to criminals. Khama flamed with righteous anger, but he cleaned his town that day of the white man's drink curse;* and then he also forbade the use, and sale, and manufacture of native beer. At one time death seemed to threaten him if he carried on his holy crusade; but he only answered, "You may *kill*, but you can not *conquer* me."

But this was not the only noble stand that good Khama took for God. When in 1881 four men were selected by the native church for a mission to the Lake Ngami, there was a sunrise service March 26th, which was wholly conducted by black men, and the chief Khama addressed the men, urging them to fidelity and earnestness; and then he took part in the ordination of these native evangelists, offering prayer that "God would *Himself* send them forth, by the Spirit."

His words that day were worthy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said, "The

* *Ibid.*, p. 150.

work we are engaged in to-day is not that of the kingdom of the Bamangwato; it is the work of the Kingdom of the great King Jesus Christ. It becomes us to be faithful, to be earnest, to do what we are doing with our hearts and not with our lips, and to rejoice that God has given us such work to do."

There were white traders present, and all were impressed with the fact that they "had seen strange things" that day. The services which began with sunrise had not ended at sunset. The children's gifts alone were upward of twelve and a half pounds sterling, and represented in all two hundred and seventy-two different donors. In the heart of that same town, which formerly was a gateway of hell, an infant Christian church had grown up to a tree whose seed was in itself after its kind.

This was surely rather a revolution than an evolution. Jesus the Nazarene had again conquered. Khama testified of one of the converts, "It is nothing but the power of God; it fills me with wonder!"

This one man—Khama—brought to Christ in the Dark Continent, ruling as a Christian chief, standing firm amid all the opposition of foreign and native foes, and actually carrying on measures for Gospel extension, is in himself a volume of evidence of Christianity.

No. III

A Miracle of Love

AT Star Hall, in Manchester, England, a funeral service was held in 1897 over one of God's true noblemen, and such a procession moved thence to the cemetery as seldom honors even a monarch's dust. It was a motley crowd of fifteen thousand people from distant parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; the poor and the rich, the educated and the ignorant, the saintly and the sinful—all drawn as by some mighty magnet about the dead body of a universal benefactor. Tears ran in floods from eyes unused to weep, and voices choked with sobs said, in grief's half-mute whispers, "*He loved us so!*"

Frank Crossley had not reached threescore years. Born in Ireland in 1839, his early life gave little forecast of his heroic after-days.

His school record was more that of brawn than brain; but forsaking "sports" as cruel, he was drawn to the calling of an engineer, and, after a brief experience in the militia, at about eighteen he found his life sphere. He entered the works of Robert Stephenson at Newcastle, and four years later went to Liverpool as draughtsman to Messrs. Fawcett, Preston & Co. His removal to Manchester was providentially determined by his uncle's purchase of the business of a manufacturer of rubber machinery, and Frank and his brother William began work together there in 1867. Here were spent the remaining thirty years of great spiritual growth and widespread blessing.

The business proved at first unprofitable, but these trials only fitted him for keener sympathy with the toilers for bread, with whose wants and woes he chose to be so closely linked. Stern economy reduced expenses, and about ten years later, by the purchase of German patents for the "Otto Gas Engine," and the exercise of his own inventive powers, he achieved succcess, and prosperity continued

until, in 1881, a limited private company was formed which after his death expanded into a public company.

It is not, however, with his business career that we are mainly concerned. But one fact should be written large: Frank Crossley abode in his calling with God; every step was taken by him and his brother in prayer, and in the alembic of faith even poverty and misfortune were strangely transmuted into blessings.

During his earlier years he read little outside of his Bible. He had learned to pray, and, through praying, to believe and trust. Soon after he moved to Liverpool, and, with characteristic frankness, he at once announced to his sister Emmeline his conversion, challenging her to mark the change in him when he should come home at Christmas. The family could all see that God had wrought in him the birth from above. The renewed temper and tamed tongue, so often last fruits of grace, were in him first fruits. The piety that had pervaded the family life, and which was impatient of any type of Christianity that had not in it the

celestial fire, burned in him also. Such a sort of convert always feeds on the Word of God. He became absorbed in its study, and his love for the Bible grew more intense as he translated it into living, and he never became a man of many books; but there were a few that wrought mightily in his soul, such as Thomas Erskine's "Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel" and Upham's "Life of Madame Guyon," the former an antitode to those hyper-Calvinistic views which make God coldly repellant—sovereignty swallowing up love—and the latter nourishing his spiritual craving with a wholesome mysticism.

Mr. Crossley was conscience incarnate. While yet a poor apprentice he had got free admission to a theater through the connivance of a fellow workman who kept the door; but when, as a renewed man, conscience demanded reparation for this sort of robbery, he reckoned up the entrance fees he had evaded, and sent the theater company sixty pounds. In his business no chances of money-making, however lucrative, could move him if they com-

promised his honesty or high standard of mercantile morality. And not only so; but, as both the brothers became ardent total abstainers, Frank hesitated at no cost that he might be on the safe side in questions of casuistry. He would not sell engines to be used in hoisting whiskey barrels or lighting theaters and public houses. Unwilling to help on any trade that wrecked the bodies and souls of men, he was also unwilling to send workmen where they would be exposed to temptation. If he could not always carry the firm with him, he could at least decline to share any profits which imperilled his own consistency.

Marriage makes or mars a man's destiny, and in 1871 Frank Crossley wedded Emily Kerr, who for more than a quarter century proved not only a helper but an inspiration. His proposal of marriage had been linked with a clear declaration of his life principles, especially touching unworldly and unselfish living. The marriage hymn, set to such a key, proved a heavenly melody and harmony!

Consecration to the welfare of the poor and

the vicious classes became, to them both, a passion more and more consuming as the years passed. It became easy to smash their champagne bottles as they saw the ruin that drink wrought, and to leave their choice villa for a home in the slums, when they saw that it was only the close touch of the ungloved hand that can win the outcast.

The grace of giving of course rapidly developed, but the giving was not careless, hasty, nor indiscriminate. He studied to know how to detect real want and woe, and how to relieve it without pauperizing or corrupting those whom he sought to help. He paid rents, lifted debts, supplied food and fuel, and then made those he benefited think that he was the privileged party and rather owed them thanks. But he gave *himself*, as Love always does. Far beyond any money given was the sacrifice of pride, taste, ease, in lowly ministries which shrank not from washing a beggar's feet.

His giving strongly impressed those whom he aided by its unusual quality. One unfor-

tunate man who had put in one of Mr. Crossley's engines, and found it too small, but was unable to replace it, and was threatened with bankruptcy, found in him a rare benefactor, who not only replaced the old engine by a new and larger one without charge, but actually made up to him the losses in his business which had resulted from his own blunder. That man said to a friend, "I have found a man *who treated me just as Jesus Christ would have done!*"

Crossley's passion for souls made him very reckless of forms and conventional restraints. He almost joined the Salvation Army because they were so earnest and singularly successful in seeking to save men; and though he never became a Salvationist, General Booth always found in him so generous a supporter that he was sometimes known as "Paymaster." But Crossley was a whole Salvation Army in himself, as he proved when he went and lived in the slums, and doubly transformed the neighborhood. He had found among the Salvationists *something which he had not*—a joyful

surrender of all to God, and for the sake of that he could sacrifice his fastidiousness, and stand even the "poor smell" which Mary Cowden Clarke's heroine found so repulsive.

His home was a center where many schemes of social and religious reform for Manchester had birth; but, especially after he first felt that "joy of the Lord" which became his strength for service, he saw written on his choice villa the words: "Depart hence." A visitor heard him remark at his own table, when consecration was the theme, "I don't think *this house looks consecration!*" When the lever of God finds a fulcrum in a spiritually awakened conscience, it uplifts and overturns deeply rooted self-indulgences. Crossley yearned to make some new and advanced trial of the saving power of a high Gospel among simple, lowly, and degraded people.

God turned his thoughts to Ancoats, and to the old Star Music-hall, the worst of its sort in the city. He would take it and turn it into a mission-hall. So plans were laid which, at a cost of $100,000, put in place of

an existing block of buildings an attractive hall with attached homes for workers, bath-rooms, coffee-rooms, etc.

Then the question arose what to do with the buildings when ready. The first thought was to put the Salvation Army in possession, with a band of trained resident workers. But the second and better thought was, "Become yourselves the garrison for this new Gospel fort," and so they did. God had made them ready—how, they scarcely knew themselves. But an inward fire was burning, and they recognized this new place as its predestined altar. Wise *counsels* as to working among the poor no longer satisfied them—they wanted personal *contact;* and, from the first meeting in Star Hall, August 4, 1889, until Frank Crossley went up higher, nearly eight years later, that step was looked back to as a stride forward, both in holiness and usefulness, which nothing could have induced them to retrace. Shortly Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, with a few chosen workers, were *living* in Ancoats. Here the full Gospel of salvation was preached,

and here the miracles of full salvation were wrought. Lives were lifted out of the horrible pit and miry clay of the worst sin, and not only set on the rock of justification, but transfigured with the beauty of God in sanctification and anointed with the chrism of service. Those who, having fallen under temptation, had become tempters of others, now were saved and became succorers of many.

Of course the Manchester "Athenians" had a new thing to talk about. Crossley's move was the wonder of the day. There were those who criticised and censured; there were more who applauded and admired; there were a few who imitated—very few. But as the Crossleys began to touch sympathetically the poor and lowly and outcast, class prejudice gave way; love that rules in heaven swayed its golden scepter in Ancoats, and not only did Frank Crossley and his wife find themselves loved, but they found themselves loving. Beneath the coarse garb of poverty, the coarser garb of misery, and the still coarser garb of depravity, they found tender hearts

that, quickened by the touch of tender sympathy, beat responsively. They saw drink, lust, hate, wrath, lying, cruelty, blasphemy—the seven demons—all driven out and the Spirit of God taking their place. Conversions were so sudden and marvelous that one man nailed a tin tack to the floor to mark the very spot where he found on his knees Him who is mighty to save to the uttermost.

Frank Crossley preached the Gospel of love. See him come down to the poor drunken woman crouching in a corner, and take her by the hand, and whisper, "Sister, Jesus loves you!" That was strange doctrine. Some said, "Eh, no! if *He* does, He's the only one as does." But it was soon proven that there was at least one other "as does," and it was he who still held that hand and kept on saying, "But He *does* love you," until that wretched slave of sin went home with a new idea that expelled the demon of drink. She had learned "the expulsive power of a new affection."

Crossley became *one* with those among whom

and for whom he lived. Love lets us down to the level of those whom we are to serve, as the love of Jesus let Him down to the slave's level that He might attempt the most menial office—washing the disciples' feet. "Brother Crossley" did not stand at arm's length, though that is closer by a good deal than many "philanthropists" venture; he made visits himself, and carried soup for the hungry, and lotion for bad eyes and then washed those eyes with it. And so it was that hungry souls came to him at Star Hall, and eyes, cleared of prejudice and passion, began to see the Christ he preached. He did not only talk about loving, but he loved. And Love is not fastidious; her hands are as busy as her heart is full. He found five dirty youngsters (their father a sot, their mother in the sick ward), and he burned their old clothes and clad them in clean ones, and then sent them to play with his own boy! Is it any wonder if both their father and mother got saved? See him as one rainy day he brings into the coffee-house a poor old man and his wife from the streets, warms them

outside and inside, and then himself holds their wet outer garments by the fire to dry them. He could say, like his Master, "I am among you as one that serveth." The Star became the rallying-place also for special services, or "missions," and, from 1890 on, there has been an autumnal conference on holiness, where leading Christian evangelists and teachers have from year to year spoken. But in all the preaching and teaching the key-note has been a full salvation, not from the penalty only, but from the power of sin. Frank Crossley set before him the death of the self-life that the power of the Christ-life might be manifest, and this will explain much of the effectiveness of his life and work. "God first, middle, last, everywhere, and always!" was his motto. When life is a daily dying for Christ, death can not interrupt the eternal living in Christ. That was his practical creed. He saw men through Christ's eyes, and heard the sighing of the spiritual prisoner and the groaning of the spiritually sick and dying through His ears, as will any one who

abides in Him. He hungered for the Word of God, and for prayer, and for service for souls. And such threefold hunger never goes unfilled.

No man can go as far as Frank Crossley went and not go further. This appetite for service grows keener as it is fed; it is insatiate. Partly through Miss Ellen Hopkins, he came to know the facts about woman's degradation and to sympathize with vigilance and rescue work, and became secretary of this work at Manchester. Here was a new field for activity. He roused the public to understand the facts, and the police to do their duty. A society for the prevention of the degradation of women and children was formed (afterward merged in the National Vigilance Society of London), and preventive and rescue homes still exist at Bowdon and Cheetham which he and his wife managed. These held each about thirty inmates, and were entirely built and largely maintained by Crossley.

One item shows how efficient his action was in public affairs. During his ten years' expe-

rience in suppressing houses of ill-fame in Manchester they decreased as follows: Those houses known to the police numbered, in 1882, 402; in subsequent years the number fell to 277, 148, 125, 112, 98, 32, 5, 6, 2. Such figures do not, of course, represent the whole facts. Behind that convenient phrase "known to the police" many an evasion may hide. But, if it be allowed that one-tenth of these houses remained undisturbed, out of the four hundred, there remains still a most remarkable and steady reduction.

The Star Hall and its surrounding buildings became a center of light, life, and love—a local center of evangelistic activity whose radiant influences not only permeated the immediate district but reached across the sea. Besides a corps of workers always on hand for evangelistic work in Ancoats, a number of Star deaconesses have gone not only to near fields but to India, there to form new missions or foster those already formed. The original rallying-point became a radiating-point, for true zeal for God is always diffusive—it de-

mands room; the candle, under the bushel, "would either burn up the bushel or go out."

Mr. Crossley's creed was set on fire with ardent love for God and passion for souls. He dared to believe, far beyond the average disciple, in actual, present, and continual victory over sin; that God's commandings are enablings; that when He says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," He means it; that such an injunction is an implied promise of possibilities to be turned into realities and actualities by the prayer of faith and the confident expectation of victory; and that, when God's will concerning us and our will concerning ourselves are identical, our manacles and fetters burst, leaving us free to work and to walk with God. He held that known sin in any form, or even a doubtful indulgence, however slight, clouds the vision of God, and cramps the freedom of the soul. No sin can be regnant and God be supreme, and without God's supremacy we are not filled with the Spirit. Frank Crossley's great trumpet-call was for

"Reality"; in this he not so much contradicted the belief of other disciples as practically went beyond them. He believed with his heart what many only assent to with their head: that he who comes to God in Christ, and really prefers in everything the will of God, and whose eyes are constantly unto Him, will be guided by His eye, and can not be guided into sin or defeat, and that perfect guidance has only to be perfectly followed to insure perfect conduct and character. He held with tenacious conviction that, in the path of one who seeks to be absolutely holy, God will put no insuperable obstacles, and that, though Satan is the Hinderer, the Holy Spirit is the Helper of every such saint.

Crossley's conception of the all-embracing love of God obscured perhaps his sense of His infinite justice and essential hatred of sin; but his success as a winner of souls was not in consequence of, but in spite of, any error in his doctrinal views.

He had inherited tendencies to depression, and had sometimes run into extreme hopeless-

ness. But the growth of faith, and the still more significant growth of love, completely eradicated even this tendency—a singular illustration of the power of transforming grace. It is this man of melancholic temper that, in 1888, writes, "There came over me the most extraordinary sense of joy—almost a grasping of my chest by some strange hand, that filled me with an ecstasy I never had before." This continued for about a day, until he almost said, "Lord, it is too much; stay Thy hand." Then it abated, but the Lord remained, and Frank Crossley never was the same man afterward. He had a liberty and power in testimony to which he had been a stranger, and said he knew "now what the Salvation Army means by *being properly saved!*" This he recognized as their doctrine and experience of "*the clean heart.*" It will account also for the high doctrine taught at Star Hall on holiness, which often got confused with perfectionism by those who knew of it only by hearsay. Crossley demonstrated that even to the worst of the lost it pays to preach a Savior

who offers the best to the saved, and encourages them to look for the best of salvation.

He made a short visit to India in 1896, partly for the help which a loving sympathy might bring to the toilers for God, and he came back feeling more than ever the need of being clothed with the Spirit, and that very few are thus clothed because, as Dr. McLaren says, *so few are "willing to be made invisible by the investiture."* The "Armenian horrors" enlisted his deep sympathies and untiring efforts, and turned him into a crusader. The fire of a holy zeal consumed him. He talked, he pleaded, he gave. It was partly owing to the strain of those dark days that symptoms of heart failure appeared which ended in death.

Such gentleness and firmness, wisdom and generosity, conscientiousness and love, self-denial and humility, seldom dwell together in any of the sons of men. He lived in the unseen world, and, like Moses, "endured as seeing Him who is invisible"; and because of this, like Moses again, he could renounce the

pleasures and treasures of this world for the sake of the reproach of Christ and suffering affliction with the people of God. There was, said Dr. McLaren, "a kind of *aloofness* about him touching the things of daily life," as there must be where there is *loftiness* of aspiration and affection.

No. IV

The Transformation of Tinnevelly

VER since the dawn of the nineteenth century there has been going on a great work of God in the Madras Presidency in India, and in this district, more firmly perhaps than in any other part of the land of the Hindus, the tree of God's own planting has taken root.

The missionary history of Tinnevelly dates back about one hundred and fifty years, when the Danish missionaries at Tranquebar began work in the town. In 1771 we find one of Schwartz's native Christians from Trichinopoli there, reading the Gospel to the heathen. Seven years later Schwartz himself visited Palmacotta and baptized the Brahman widow, Clorinda, who reminds us of Lydia, at Philippi. Another eight years passed and Schwartz paid a second visit, and found one

Worshiping an Idol in India

hundred and sixty converts—a little Christian community in the midst of the darkness of India. Then, in 1790, he ordained one of his best cathechists, Satyanadham, and put him in charge. This is the outline of the work during the first forty years.

The first European Protestant missionary sent to this district was Rev. J. D. Jænicke, who died in 1800. He was in the employ of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge.

The harvest of the last century had thus an earlier sowing, and the quickening of this seed is the first great event of its sort in the century's annals. Gerickè, one of the Tanjore missionaries, baptized thousands within the first five years after Jænicke's death; and within three months in the year 1802, alone, *five thousand and ninety-five!* Not only does this ingathering at Tinnevelly form the first great reaping-time of the mission century, but in but three other cases has this rapid and abundant garnering of sheaves been equaled.

During the ten years following, from 1806 to

1816, no missionary visited this province, and hence the work suffered decline, and only three thousand professing disciples could be found when in 1816 Rev. James Hough was sent to Palmacotta as chaplain. Under his ministry the work revived and new growth began. At his own cost he started schools, and got from Madras a supply of Tamil Testaments to scatter among the people, while he gave himself to the study of their language. Four years later he was joined by Rhenius, from Madras, and Schmid, and a new impulse was given to all the departments of service, and there was more than revival—reorganization of the entire work. Hough's health gave way under the strain; but while Schmid supervised the schools, Rhenius labored with tireless energy, and started new forms of activity.

From the time, in 1820, when Rhenius began to superintend operations in the Tinnevelly district, there has been almost an uninterrupted history of blessing. For some reason the people have seemed to be less under the peculiar spell of Hinduism than in many other localities.

Since 1830 the work of conversion has gone forward with increasing vigor. For example, in one decade of years, from 1871 to 1881, while the Mohammedans gained less than six per cent., and the Hindus *lost* two and a half per cent., the Christian community gained about thirty-eight per cent.!

But we are anticipating. In 1830 the *first native Tamil pastor*, John Devasagayam, was ordained by Bishop Turner, which marked an epoch in the history of the mission. Rhenius founded several useful societies, such as the Dharma Sangam, or Native Philanthropic Band, to buy refuge homes for persecuted converts, from which sprang several Christian village settlements. He also started a poor fund, a widows' fund, tract and Bible societies, etc. Rhenius, in 1835, owing to some disagreement with his society, prompted by a peace-loving spirit, gave up the charge of the mission to Rev. George Pettit and left the district, three other German brethren seceding with him. John Devasagayam alone remained of the laborers. Rhenius died three years later.

God's workmen change, but His work has always its unchanging Head. A new quickening visited Tinnevelly in 1840, and the next year Bishop Spencer confirmed fifteen hundred candidates. In 1835, when Rhenius and his seceding brethren left, the communicants numbered ten thousand; in 1841 they had reached *double* that number, and in 1847 *three* times as many. Persecution raged, and yet even this could not arrest the work. Year by year the Church grew. Every six years it doubled, and the adherents multiplied likewise. Nor were the converts confined to Shanars and Pariahs; they included also Sudras.

John Thomas, who landed in India in 1836, in 1847 opened a beautiful church building with tower and spire, still the finest in India, and died in March, 1870, having spent in the work just a third of a century.

One convert, a Syrian, who had been lifted out of the horrible pit and miry clay of a deep degradation, with a holy boldness and tenderness was preaching the Gospel to a fellow countryman, when he was by him stabbed to

the heart; but he fell with the prayer of Stephen on his lips: "Lord, lay not this sin to his charge"! In 1845 the Bishop of Madras reported that in the four and a half years between that and his former visit in 1841 the Christian community had *more than doubled*, eighteen thousand souls having renounced since then their idolatrous faith, and put themselves under Christian instruction! The increase during those four years and a half was thus equal to that of the previous half century.* There were seven months in which sixteen thousand souls turned from their superstitions to seek the knowledge of God.†

We pass rapidly over the ten years between 1847 and 1857, the year of the Mutiny, and find the Tinnevelly work still growing, though persecution still continued, so that in 1855 there were three hundred and seventy-five village congregations, with twenty-seven thousand adherents in the missions of the Church

* "Missionary Anecdotes," by Dr. William Adamson.

† J. T. Gracey, "India," 149.

Missionary Society alone, two-thirds of them being baptized, and four thousand of them being communicants. Eight other Tamil ordained preachers had been added to Devasagayam, his own son being among them. One fact which belongs to this history is that for about three-quarters of the last century Christian work in this Tinnevelly district was conducted jointly by the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and at the time of the division of this district between the two societies the transformation had already begun which gave ample field for both to work.

There were ten or twelve years of great progress, converts increasing and people offering themselves for instruction beyond the ability of the missionaries to cope with the demand, and this too in face of incessant opposition from the heathen element. The missionaries had, moreover, the "care of all the churches" scattered through more than two hundred towns and villages.

Space does not allow following in detail

the fascinating story of this mission, or the process whereby the Church Missionary Society came to divide the field with the S. P. G. But it should be noted that the candor and caution of the committee caused them, in reporting the amazingly rapid growth of the work under Rhenius, to avoid two errors (exaggeration of good results, and concealment of unfavorable and discouraging facts), so that we may place the more reliance on what is recorded of the wonderful work of God in this the leading quickening of the nineteenth century.

When Bishop Dealtry, of Madras, visited Tinnevelly in 1851 he confirmed in all three thousand five hundred and forty-five candidates, and records his surprise and gratification at the readiness and accuracy of their responses to his questions, and their extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which, he said, surpassed the average in England. His expectations were exceeded in what he saw and heard, and his testimony was: "It is a real and abiding work of God, the power of

His grace, the putting forth of His almighty arm in the sight of the nations as in the days of old."

In the bishop's second visit, in 1854, he confirmed four thousand candidates, and on his third visit, in 1856, and again, in 1859, additional cheering signs of continued Divine working were manifest. In Paneivelei in one year nine hundred persons had renounced heathenism, and in 1860 converts were more numerous than ever before.

In 1857, John Thomas, after twenty years, had in his district five thousand five hundred Christians, and two years later ten thousand adherents. He himself says: "I can not account for the great change in the moral wilderness around me, compared with what it was twenty-one years ago, upon any other principle than that of *a Divine and gracious* influence poured upon us from on high. . . . Clearly the work is the Lord's, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

The contributions of native Christians, increasing year by year, till in 1860 they

exceeded one thousand pounds sterling, were another proof of the work of God. They were gathered mostly in very small sums, out of the abundance of their poverty, by means of small pots of earth, broken at the end of the year. In one of the less forward districts at one time three hundred of these collecting-pots were out.

The prosperity of the native church was felt to be inseparable from a native body of helpers, and hence the effort to train preachers, schoolmasters, and catechists. A preparandi institution was established at Palmacotta, under Mr. Sargent, and a training institution and normal school for schoolmasters under Mr. Spratt, etc. The object of these and similar schools for boys and female teachers was *education* rather than simple *instruction*, students engaging regularly in evangelistic work.

Families and even villages were often converted in the mass, and frequently devil temples were transformed into Christian houses of prayer; and in one case the old stone idol,

face downward, formed the step to a church.* Meanwhile the Vibuthe Sangam, or Sacred Ashes Society—marked with the ashes of sandalwood as the sign of their allegiance to idol gods—waged war against the Christians, sometimes in one night pulling down their transformed prayer-houses and plowing and sowing the site to remove all traces of the building, so that, if the magistrates were appealed to, the destroyers could plead that no such building had existed.

We have thus far done little more than outline the history of the Tinnevelly mission and indicate some of its fruits. But to impress the full facts it is needful to leave the mere tracing of a historic sketch and to group results as in one broad view.

As has been remarked, the spell of Hindu superstition and idolatry seemed among the people to be broken in an unusual degree, leaving a freed community to be wrought upon by

* This was at one of the Christian villages founded by Rhenius—Mingnanapuram, or "Village of True Wisdom."

the higher influence of the Gospel. Under the sway of the Word and Spirit of God, not only have thousands of individuals renounced their idols and their habitual vices, and placed themselves under Christian teaching, but, still better, *whole villages* have become Christian. The extent of this mission may be seen if it be remembered that in the six districts there were in all between three hundred and four hundred villages, and that in each district there was a missionary with from forty to seventy teachers and catechists under him. At the time of the visit of Bishop of Madras, in one of the villages a considerable number of families sought a catechist for instruction. The Brahman who had control of the village gathered the inhabitants and forbade them to foster divisions and parties, enjoining them either to remain as they were or as a body go over to the new faith, in which case, he added, that he would not offer opposition, even if they turned the idol temple into a house of prayer. The result was that the whole village joined the Christian ranks and

the devil fane became actually a Christian place of assembly!

This might have been supposed to be a mere freak of impulsive enthusiasm but for the fact that subsequent persecution failed to move multitudes from their new-found faith. The fruits of Christianity appeared also in philanthropic work, and in the societies formed for various Christian and benevolent ends, such as supporting the widows of catechists, relieving the sick and the infirm, and carrying on missionary operations. A church building fund was instituted, to which each contributor was to give his best day's income throughout each twelve months, with whatever beside he was willing and able to add.

KOREAN DEMON WORSHIPERS

No. V

The Day Dawn in Korea*

N the autumn of 1873, after a journey of seven days eastward from the port of Newchwang, in Manchuria, I arrived at the "Korean Gate," then the most easterly outpost of Manchuria, toward Korea. Its name was derived from the fact that it was the only place where Korean merchants could exchange their products for other merchandise bought of Chinese. With the purpose of ascertaining as much about them and their country as possible, I permitted them perfect freedom in entering

* The Rev. John Ross, of Moukden, Manchuria, gave a thrilling account in my hearing, which at my solicitation he wrote out. It is a wonderful story of the opening of Korea to the Gospel by one who had a most prominent place in it, and it belongs among the archives of missions. We reproduce it in substance.

my room at the inn. Curious to see the "foreigner," and to learn what they could about Western countries, their questions were endless. But in return for abundant information I got none. In response to questions put to numerous groups for several days my knowledge of their laws, social customs, family life, national institutions, and even the products and physical character of their country, was exactly what I had before. It subsequently transpired that I was taken for a spy, sent to investigate as much about the country and people as possible, in order to utilize the information in some way not to their advantage. Failing to secure a man who would instruct me in their language, I returned to Newchwang; but a keener interest in the people led me to revisit the "Gate" the following year, when I was more fortunate.

The Koreans divide themselves into three classes: The "upper"—officials and their descendants; the "middle"—merchants, and others able to hire labor; and the "lower"—embracing all employed in manual work. The

middle and upper classes never apply themselves to any handicraft. One of the merchant class embarked the value of his worldly goods in a boat across the mighty Yaloo to go to the "Korean Gate." A strong southwest wind blew. The boat was upset, and the goods precipitated to the bottom. The owner landed safely, but soon found himself a "ruined" man. He came across the servant who had been sent among the Koreans to hire a teacher, and engaged himself. It appeared afterward that he had not informed even his own brother of his intention, and he gave me as the reason that, if it were known in his native country that he had gone to serve the "foreigner," all his relatives would be thrown into prison, and the principal men among them would probably be beheaded. The laws against intercourse with foreigners had always been stringent; but after the failure—first of the French, and then of the American squadron—to force their way to the Korean capital, the regent issued a more severe law against any communication with Europeans. Hence the

difficulty in obtaining information or service. The *accident* which upset the merchant's boat was the first of a series of interesting incidents, which have finally resulted in giving the New Testament, translated from the Revised Version, to the Korean people. The dissemination of the Scriptures and of Christian truth in tracts is all the more important to a people like the Koreans, even though their numbers should be only half of the thirty millions they claim, when we know that every woman in that country can read, or, in a day, may learn to read. The alphabet in which the language is written is phonetic, and so beautifully simple that any one can speedily master it.

Before the Korean New Testament was ready for the printer it was deemed advisable carefully to prepare a gospel, which, with a simple tract briefly setting forth Christian doctrine, might be first circulated. The Gospel according to Luke was selected. In frequent translations and revisions, my colleague, Mr. MacIntyre, did excellent work on this gospel. After it was supposed to be sufficiently accu-

rate, and after the printing-press was set up, and Chinese printers initiated into its use, a Korean was required who could set the type. Again help came through a providential *accident*. Korean medicine is held in high repute among the Chinese, and a glib-tongued quack soon makes money. There came one, however, who was the reverse of eloquent, and he could sell "gold" or "silver" pills only enough to barely cover his daily expenses. With the exhaustion of his stock came the end of his resources. He could not pay his inn fare; he was still more unable to travel homeward. He came a beggar to the mission house, and gladly remained to work. Had there been any alternative, this man would not have been employed. His eye was sleepy, his fingers clumsy, his gait slow, his thoughts most sluggish. To understand any process, he required four times as much explanation as any ordinary man. He was just able to keep the two printers going, setting four pages of type while they threw off three thousand copies. But though slow he soon

proved himself trustworthy, carrying out satisfactorily whatever he had to do. He had, in setting the type, necessarily to scrutinize closely the manuscript before him. He became interested, and in his broken Chinese began to ask of the printers, who were well-trained Christians, the meaning of this term and that statement. By the time the Gospel of Luke was printed he became an applicant for baptism. Much to my surprise, he proved well acquainted with Christian truth, and in due course was baptized.

It appeared that, even before Luke was published, the translation was revised abroad in the Korean capital, and caused so much interest that an occasional underling attached to the annual embassy, bearing tribute from the Korean king to the Emperor of China, dropped in to see the work. These visits gradually became more numerous, and among the young men was one, nimble-fingered, quick-eyed, and smart in speech, in thought, and in action. He was engaged as compositor, and the other man set free to begin a work for which he

seemed, on account of his acquired knowledge, better adapted. With a few hundred copies of the printed gospel and as many more large tracts, he was sent to his native valley, about four hundred miles directly east of Moukden. He spent a fortnight in the journey, and in half a year returned, reporting that he had sold the books, which were being read by the people with deep interest, and that some men wished me to go to baptize them. Believing this last statement to be merely intended to please me, and made on the supposition that I would never face the arduous journey, I paid no attention to it. The man was sent, however, with a further supply of books to other valleys, and after the lapse of another half year he returned, repeating exactly the same story.

During the period of this book-distribution a revolution had broken out in the Korean capital, in which those who sought to open their country to Western nations worsted the official and literary men, who opposed any change. Many of the latter were killed, more

were cast into prison, and some escaped to Manchurian soil, where their lives were safe. A few of these found their way to the valleys visited by the colporteur. They saw our books, and their curiosity was excited about the work going on in Moukden. Having nothing to do, they slowly wended their way toward us. On presenting themselves, they mentioned the books they had seen, stating that many of the men were praying to the "God of Heaven." This statement from men ignorant of the meaning of what they were saying, was such strong confirmation of the story of the colporteur that I resolved to investigate the matter. As soon as my colleague, Mr. Webster, was informed of my resolution, with characteristic courage and enthusiasm he volunteered to accompany me. We started in the middle of November. After the first half of the journey was over we were compelled to leave wheeled vehicles behind, and finish the other seven days' journey on our ponies. We set out to scale the two passes which lay between us and the Koreans. With

a halt on the top of the first pass, we had to walk the whole distance, and, thoroughly worn out, at last came in sight of a Chinese inn. Entering the gateway, we moved into the inn, and threw ourselves on the brick bed, resolved to rest there till next day before searching out our Korean friends.

We were resting for but a few minutes, when in marched a body of about a dozen Koreans, gentlemanly in appearance, garments, manner, and speech. They came in to welcome us. This they did with a smile lighting up their faces, as though they had been welcoming long-lost and very dear friends. Being very hospitable, it would have been a disgrace to them had we remained in the inn, so we had to go to be their guests. We were conducted into the home of the principal farmer, in whose guest-room we found a crowd of men filling the warm, close room.

Of the refugees, on whose story we had undertaken the journey, every man sooner or later became a convert, and was baptized. The oldest of them was the first. He was a

hereditary official, and possessed of the Korean highest literary degree. Him we had brought with us to act as our intermediary, as from his degree, birth, and social status he was acknowledged superior, and could secure information beyond our reach. He was sent out in the evening to investigate the character of the Korean farmers. Late at night he returned with a favorable report. Next morning we were therefore prepared to receive the applicants for baptism. About thirty men appeared, and all were well clad. None of the farm servants—no boy, and no woman—were among them. They were all farmers and heads of families. Their women and children were, they said, believers; but they thought the younger people would not be received, and their women, for social reasons, could not present themselves where the men were met. The examination through which the men had to go was pretty thorough; some were baptized, and some postponed for further instruction.

In the afternoon of the same day we rode to

the other end of the valley, where was enacted the same scene, and next morning crossed a mountain ridge to the second valley, where we encountered a similar experience. On the following day we entered the third and most extensive valley. Nearly a hundred men, from sixteen to seventy-two years of age, presented themselves for baptism. In the three valleys eighty-five men were baptized and far more postponed. We were here informed that the heavy snowfall might come on at any time, and prevent us for at least three months from returning to Moukden. We resolved, therefore, at that time to proceed no further, but to return to the same place again. Our resolution to go was formed with the less reluctance, as the experiences of those baptized, and especially of those postponed, would be useful in spreading the knowledge among the other applicants, both of the amount of Christian instruction demanded and the kind of life required on the part of those who desired to become members of the Christian Church. We were informed—and were now

prepared to believe—that in each of the twenty-eight valleys which lay between us and the long, white mountain four hundred miles to the northeast, there was a larger or smaller number of believers waiting to be received into the Church.

Early in the following summer we revisited the valleys; but, though we found guides waiting to lead us to other valleys, we concluded not to proceed further then, for a serious persecution had broken out against the converts. The landlords were Chinese, and the Koreans were farmers. As we confined our visits and attention to the Koreans exclusively, the Chinese came to the conclusion that a plot was being formed against their interests. To prevent further mischief they hired "rabble of the baser sort," chiefly Korean farm servants, and arming them with swords and other weapons, set them upon those who had been prominently connected with the new movement. No man was killed, but many were slashed and wounded. The design was apparently not to kill, but to ter-

rorize; and this was effectually done, for several men had to abandon the houses they had built and the farms they had reclaimed. With the exception of doing a little to correct the erroneous suspicions of the Chinese, we proceeded no further then. But some men were baptized, who, persecution or no persecution, desired to enter the Church.

It was painful, on account of more important work in Moukden, to refuse the earnest wish that we should remain among them for at least half a year. Another opportunity for seeing the people has not recurred. But the work, by means of colporteurs, has widely extended its influence, so that, on the Korean and Chinese sides of the Yaloo River, "there are thousands who daily read the Scripture and pray to God."

The first Korean congregation was formed. One of the youngest of the refugees seemed to possess greater force of character and a more fearless disposition than the others, while he was also a fair scholar. As he expressed a wish after baptism to return to the

capital, whence he had fled for his life, to instruct his relatives and acquaintances, he was placed under special training for a time. When he was supposed sufficiently well informed to be able to meet the objections of the gainsayer, and to answer the questions of the inquirer, he was permitted to go to the Korean capital. As his class are all educated in Chinese, they read and write only a high-class Chinese style, and contemptuously ignore the "vulgar" tongue, and will neither read nor write in that tongue. Giving this fact its due weight, this man was given a few books in Christian literature and a few portions of Scripture in that Chinese style.

Next year I had a letter from him requesting me to go to the capital, as thirteen of his friends desired to be formed into a congregation. It was impossible then to spare the long time implied in an overland journey even if a European could obtain permission to enter the sealed nation. Next year another letter urged me to the city, as there were seventy-nine believers. It was still impossible to go.

In due course Korea opened four ports to foreign intercourse by treaty, and our American Presbyterian brethren sent missionaries. In connection with the New Testament I went to the capital by sea. My host, the Rev. Mr. Underwood, informed me that he was that night to organize his small company into a Presbyterian church. Gladly accepting his invitation, I accompanied him and his medical colleague, when the darkness had fairly enmantled the city. Crossing the wide main unlit streets, we were guided by a Korean, with a lantern, among narrow lanes till at last we were ushered into a small, open courtyard, whose gate was opened to our knock. A gentle tapping at a paper window secured our entry into a room, where we found a company of fourteen well-dressed, intelligent-looking men. One of these was baptized that night, but the principal business was the election by the others of two men to be their elders, who were unanimously elected, and, the next Sabbath, ordained.

It turned out that these two men were

cousins of the man who had gone to Moukden. They had been believers for six years, so that they must have been of the first company. Thirteen of the fourteen baptized members forming the church were the converts either of that man or another, who had left Moukden subsequently. But most interesting to me was the assurance that over three hundred men of that class in the city were believers, who were not then quite prepared, publicly, to join the Church.

The man who was the human instrument in starting this remarkable movement was then away in another province, and frequent letters to his missionary notified him of similar work in that other province. It is needless to adduce other facts of a like nature to show how the grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared in Korea, and is moving among that people in a manner justifying our expectations of a rich and speedy harvest. Nor is it possible here to give our reasons for believing that Korea will be one of the first Eastern nations to become a Christian nation.

No. VI

A Time of Peril from the Dacoits*

HE Karens are the hill tribes of Burmah. They were treated by the Burmese in former days with the greatest cruelty and injustice. Their crops and cattle were stolen, and they were caught and sold as slaves; so that they lived in constant terror. They hid themselves in the jungle on the mountain-sides, concealing the paths to their bamboo houses, and constantly moving from one place to another to avoid detection. They were content to live on the produce of their fields, and to weave their own clothing. Indeed, they were as much at home

* This story was told by Mrs. W. F. Armstrong, of Burmah, at Exeter Hall, London, June, 1888. The narrative of Life in Burmah impressed all who heard it as of most thrilling interest. At the time we sought to get posession of the manuscript, and have happily obtained a copy for our readers.

and as independent in the forest as the birds or the bees. Their religion was peculiar to themselves. They lived pure, honest, truthful lives, were unbounded in their hospitality, and had no idols. They made offerings to propitiate evil spirits whom they feared, but they had no symbols of them, nor did they worship images of any kind. They had no books, but they had carefully preserved legends—"grandfather's sayings," they called them—which were very carefully handed down from father to son. Their tradition told that they had once God's book, but they were disobedient to it, and their younger brother carried it away; and that some day their white brother would come across the sea in a ship, and bring back the book which told of the Great Father and the life to come. They must watch for its coming. No wonder such a people should receive the Gospel when it came. No people have ever been discovered who were so prepared for it, and whose very prejudices were on its side. When missionaries came among them their old men said, "This is what our

fathers told us of,'' and they flocked by hundreds to receive the Book they had waited for. Their simple faith took Christ at His word. They did not question, but believed and received His promise to every one that believeth. The fruits of the Spirit were manifest in their lives. Now (1888) there are about forty thousand communicants, and fully one hundred thousand nominal Christians—about one-sixth of the entire tribe in Burmah. They are divided into many churches, each one supporting its own native pastor and its own village school. The first aim of the missionaries was to reduce the language to writing, and give them the Bible in their own tongue. Since then many books have been published, so that they have quite a literature of their own. It is about sixty years since the first Karen was baptized, and now they are an educated people, ready to help in the evangelization of the world.

A marked characteristic of their piety is their enthusiasm in foreign mission work. They have their Foreign Missionary Society,

and send out their young men north and east to distant countries, supporting them there, and reenforcing them as the need arises. These have established churches among those tribes, and have done a grand evangelistic work independent of other missionaries, in the face of persecution, and long separation from their homes, and from the privileges of Christian intercourse with those they love. These Karens are the only foreign missionaries in some regions north of Burmah. They are poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. It is true of them as it was of the Macedonian Christians, that "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." When I was in charge of a mission station there, an old Karen pastor came one day with a large contribution for the foreign mission work. I said to him, "How can your people give so much? I know they are very poor, the overflow of the river has swept away your crops, your cattle are dying of disease, it is the famine time with you." "Oh," he said, with such a contented smile, "it only means

rice without curry." They could live on rice and salt, but they could not live without giving the bread of life to their brethren.

A Karen girl has been associated with me more or less all through my missionary life. She was brought to my notice when I first reached the country, as the girl at the head of all her classes, the brightest and most promising in the mission school. After I had learned to speak Karen, I was free to do evangelistic work wherever the door should open. I was unmistakably directed to Tavoy, in the south of Burmah, near the mountain wall between Burmah and Siam. There were large numbers of Karens there without help. They had once heard the Gospel, but for lack of mission schools among them had no teachers to educate their children, and few pastors to care for the churches. Thither I was sent. Christians to be taught were everywhere around me, and the heathen, unreached as yet, lay beyond the mountains in Siam. Who was to go with me? The old Karen pastor of whom I have spoken, and others like him, said, "We will

pay all expenses of two native pastors for six months, and we will also pay for whichever of our teachers in the girls' school is willing to go with you." The men were to return to their families at the end of six months, but her teacher was to remain with me, unless she too wished to return. On our way, when we had reached Rangoon, the girl so favorably known when I learned Karen came to me and said, "Mama, my school work is done, and I want to work for Jesus; there are many who love Him here who can tell the story, but in Tavoy there is no one to teach, no one to tell the heathen of Christ; my heart is longing to go there; will you take me?" I said, "Nan-Nan, I have no money for you, the Bassim Karens pay the expenses of those they send; I have faith for my portion, but I have not asked for any money from home for this work. I dare not promise anything out of my salary, for my plans will take every rupee of it." In my own mind I doubted if she realized what she was doing in leaving a comfortable home and the pleasant society of educated people in

the station at which she had grown up. I thought very likely she would grow tired of our jungle life, and would be homesick, and return in a short time to pleasanter surroundings. She did not say much, and I thought she was discouraged, but she came back again and said, "Mama, I can not rest, I want to go with you. I have plenty of clothes, enough for some years. If I come with you, can you not give me rice?" "Oh," I said, "Nan-Nan, you shall share my rice every day, but I can promise you nothing more." So the matter ended. Rather to my dismay, when I went on board the steamer, there was Nan-Nan with her basket of clothes, and quite as large a basket of books—all her worldly possessions. She seemed to be not very sure of a welcome, but determined to go, and I concluded it must be of the Lord.

We reached Tavoy, renovated things as best we could in the disused mission house, and, as the Karens were all in their jungle homes, far from town, we set off as soon as possible to find them. But our hearts were burning to

get at the heathen over the border, where no one had gone to tell of Jesus. One missionary had passed rapidly through the country, and had told of the Karens there, but none had yet gone to give them the Gospel; and while our hands were free from other work, we wanted to take the message there, and see if there were any opening for establishing a native evangelist among them.

It was Christmas morning when all preparations were concluded, and we mounted our elephants and started away under the overhanging bamboos, glittering with dew, to cross the mountain ranges into Siam. That night we camped far away in the forest with very happy hearts. There is no joy in this world like foreign missionary joy.

After many days of travel, we reached the Karens on the other side. We had engaged Siamese elephants returning home from Burmah, because no one else knew the route; and as the elephants were owned by Siamese Karens, they could take us to their villages. The Karens are naturally a most hospitable

people; wherever we went the chief of the village had a large covered veranda built expressly to accommodate strangers. The villagers all brought a share of their food to the chief's house, and he supplemented it out of his own store, and whoever came were village guests as long as they chose to stay, and were served with the best they had. They treated us in the same way; we were all Karens. I was the only adopted child of the party, yet my party would not have gone without me.

As we proceeded further into the heart of the country, we found among the Karen villages a most unaccountable unwillingness to receive us. It was contrary to all precedent among the Karens, and the Christians with me could not understand it. At last we came to a village where they absolutely refused to allow us to enter, or to have any dealings with us, so we did as we were accustomed to do at other times—we camped under the trees just outside the village. Karens and others from a distance gathered round our fires, and we

preached to them till we were all quite exhausted. It was twelve, and still they stayed; at last I told them we had to leave early in the morning, and must have our rest, and reluctantly they departed, and we were left alone under the quiet stars. All night we were disturbed by a prowling in the woods around, and had the strangest guard I ever had. The pariah dogs of the village all left their kennels, and came and curled themselves up beneath the bamboo platform on which the girls and I spread our rugs to sleep. Any one who knows anything of these dogs knows that they avoid you as much as rats would; but they slept beside us all night, and whenever the prowling was heard in the bushes they rushed out barking till it was quiet again, and we could not drive them away. The next morning early we were on our way to a friendly village, where we were sure of a welcome, for it was Saturday, and we would rest there over the Sabbath. We got to the village about noon, and here again the old chief looked troubled at our coming. We took up our place on his

veranda, thankful for the shelter, and told him we had come to stay a day or two. But I felt a great cloud drawing down over us. Shortly after we reached his house, the old man came and said we were welcome to stay, but an urgent summons had come from another village which they dared not disobey; they must all go, but would be back in the morning. One by one we saw all the men pass away into the forest, and we were left alone with two or three old women of the village.

The last thing the old chief did was to go out into the green around which the village was built, and open up a little lime-kiln, in which they were burning limestone. The cloud of terror had been drawing down over me since noon, and when I saw the smoke rising from that, although I had no apparent reason for it, I felt it through and through me that it was meant for our grave; that the lime-kiln was to be the hiding away of some great crime, and an undefinable and uncontrollable dread took possession of me. I called our party together, and told them what was in my

mind, and asked if there was any place to which we could flee. Our elephant driver had taken away his elephant, and had told us where to send if we wanted him again, so we were left quite alone then. I remember so well how Nan-Nan spoke; the men, of course, could not understand such fancies at all. But Nan-Nan spoke out: "Why, mama, you have never been afraid when there was real danger, and now, when we are here among Karens, and there is nothing at all to fear, why are you afraid? Where can we run? The forest is our enemy, here we are safe. It is only that mama is very, very tired; when you rest you will be brave again." I could say no more, so I told them we would have our evening worship. We went out into the open green beside the lime-kiln, and, as our custom was, the native pastor read the Bible, commented upon it, though we were alone, and the heathens, who usually gathered round us, were gone, and then they prayed. I knelt quietly in an agony of prayer. I thought death was near, though there was no sign. My mother would never

know what had become of me. The dear Christians at home would be discouraged in the work; they would think that God could care for men, but not for women. How *could* it be for His glory? And so I prayed and wrestled in prayer for help; and help came.

I rose from my knees, *sure that God would come to deliver us*. We had scarcely risen when we saw the old chief coming back through the woods; he came silently, and was going silently up into the house, when I said to him: "Grandfather, we are glad to see you back; we thought you would be away all night." He gave what I must call a Karen grunt, and went stolidly up the ladder. One by one they were all coming back through the dusk. Soon the fires were lighted, and the rice was cooking; but there was a strange expectancy over it all. There is never anything to fear from Karens; there is no treachery, nothing but kindness to be expected from them, especially toward their guests.

Dark had fallen on the forest when some elephants came tramping through the jungle

and stopped at the chief's door. There was a great noise of dismounting and tethering the elephants; then a group of men came up into the house, brushed past us, and went in to talk with the old chief. They were not Karens, and talked in a language we could not understand. We went to our rest, and about three in the morning I awoke, as the men went tramping past us over the vibrating bamboo floor; they put their trappings on their elephants and went away. We had a very quiet Sabbath, and then went preaching to the villagers along the path to meet our elephant driver, to whom we had sent word to come for us. I shall never forget that morning.

Now let me tell you what we did not know till more than two years afterward, when a messenger came from this village, asking for a teacher to be sent to them, and saying that whoever came must send word first, and they would send trusty men to meet him. Then we learned that *a band of Dacoits had followed us for a week.* That all the Karen villages had been warned that if they harbored us they

would share our fate; that this old chief had been told that if we stayed in his village, he must either help to kill us or be killed himself; that all the men had left the village in consequence; but the old chief had been so troubled in mind that he was constrained to come back again. That the Dacoits had come there, and, finding him there, asked the reason. He had told them that he could not stay away, that many signs and auguries assured him that it would be the worse for any one who touched us, that the English would discover it, and they could not escape. He was a wise man, or soothsayer, among them, and they tried several auguries, and they were all so alarming that the men reluctantly forbore to touch us, and they went away. When Nan-Nan heard this, she came to me with such an awed face, and referring to my fear that day, she said: "Mama, you were right and we were wrong; but God took care of us, after all."

You see that the age of miracles is not quite past. For, however we may think of this, to the heathen Karens in that district it was a

miracle. Our elephant driver thought it so; he had left us with a grim thought of pity, but was unable to help. When we sent for him again it was as though he heard a voice from the dead. The villagers all thought it so. When we talked to them next morning we all noticed how preoccupied they were; they gazed on us with such a strange look, and scarcely seemed to hear what we said. They were glad that we were safe, and in their own quiet way, which I did not understand then, determined to keep us safe; they invited us to a village we had not heard of before, and hid us there for two or three days; they said their elephants must rest. Then, when I, not knowing the danger, urged them to take us further on into the district, they said little, but allowed us to get on the elephants, thinking we were going in another direction, and then they turned the elephants toward Burmah. When I expostulated with them, they said: "The country is dangerous; we will lose our elephants if we go further into Siam. We dare not take you there, but we will take you

back." And so they did; not by the usual route, but they cut a new path through the forest, and made a long détour, lest the Dacoits, repenting of their mercy, might follow us again. We did not understand it then, but we did afterward. I came home, feeling that we had accomplished little or nothing.

Twelve years passed away, and I was permitted to go back to Tavoy; only then I discovered that the elephant driver, his mother, and his wife, had come over into Burmah, and were living among the Christians; they had been baptized many years, and he was the deacon of the village church. The old chief and his wife had been baptized, and had removed to another Karen village, where they lived a most useful life, and died honored and revered by all the Christians. This much I know of the fruits of that trip, and there may be more to know hereafter.

When I went to India, Nan-Nan came to me again. "Mama, I want to go and tell the Telugus about Christ." This time my answer was ready: "Nan-Nan, you want to go? I

am only too glad to take you.'' So we studied Telugu together; but she outstripped me. She started a girls' school, teaching them in Telugu more efficiently than any of their own people could do in that district, on account of her previous training. She won many women and children to esteem the Gospel, was everywhere treated with respect, and was called by the same title as I was. She was in all respects a genuine Foreign Missionary. She is now living in Rangoon, where she is married to an educated, intelligent Karen, a wealthy merchant. They both delight to give to missions, and to speak for their Master on every opportunity. She is secretary of the Karen Women's Foreign Missionary Society, which carries on its work just as our societies here do, and supports and sends out its own Biblewomen. Nan-Nan is only one of many like-minded women among the Karens.

William Duncan

No. VII

William Duncan and His Metlakahtla

NO record reads more like a romance of fairy fiction than the story of the seven years during which William Duncan was building up his model state among the wild red men of British Columbia!—an achievement pronounced "absolutely without a parallel in the history of missions." *

Nearly fifty years ago Duncan went to Fort Simpson, the center of a settlement of nine Tsimshian tribes, notorious for treachery, cruelty, barbarism, and cannibalism. Such savage surroundings made a *fort* necessary, with heavy palisades and bastions and mounted cannon, and with sentinels on the watch night and day. Shortly after his arrival Mr. Duncan, from the fort, saw these Indians, howling like

* "The Story of Metlakahtla." Henry S. Wellcome. Introduction.

a pack of wolves, tearing limb from limb the body of a murdered woman; and initiation into the mysteries of Shamanism they kept with dog-eating, devil-dancing, and wildest revelries.

Only one whose simple faith made him fearless toward men because courageous in God would dare to begin work among such fiends incarnate. His first step was to get hold of their language, and he got Clah, a native, to aid him; and after some months he was able to write out in phonetic characters a simple address, explaining his peaceful mission. He first conveyed to them, through Clah, a preparatory message of love, informing them that there was one white man within the fort whose sole aim was not barter but blessing—to bring them a message from the white man's God. He was seeking not *theirs*, but *them*. As soon as he could make himself understood by them he ventured unarmed outside the fort, trusting himself to their kindness and to God's protection, and was received cordially.

As it was not feasible to gather together Indians of so many and various hostile tribes,

he gave his prepared address nine times on the same day to their representatives, in the houses of their respective chiefs. He thus got before them the story of Jesus, and showed how the life of a true Christian contrasts with their ways of living.

A school was opened at the house of a chief, and it was soon thronged, both by children and adults. With the aid of a few Indians he built a log school-house, which was filled with some two hundred pupils, several chiefs being among them. They saw that he was sincere and unselfish, and had a real message from the Great Spirit; and his frank dealing and kindly visits to their sick rapidly unlocked the doors of their hearts.

The shamans, or medicine men, seeing their craft in danger, sought to thwart his efforts, moving Legiac, the head chief, to order him to stop his school during the month of the Medicine Feast. He firmly refused to close it so long as pupils came to be taught, and persisted in his refusal, notwithstanding threats upon his life. Legiac, with his fellow sha-

mans, rushed into the school, drove out the pupils, and sought to intimidate the brave teacher; but Mr. Duncan calmly reasoned with the intruders, and held his ground. Legiac then drew his knife, and was about to kill Mr. Duncan, when suddenly his arm fell as if paralyzed, and he slunk away. Clah, himself a murderer before conversion, learning of the conspiracy against the missionary, had crept in armed, and, as Legiac lifted his knife, Clah raised his revolver, and this had repulsed the assassin. On several occasions Mr. Duncan narrowly escaped assassination, but gradually won a hearing and a following.

He soon saw that it would aid his higher mission to show these savages that godliness is also profitable for the life that *now is;* and at once he set about promoting their temporal, as well as eternal, well-being. To cleanse their filthy persons and abodes, he secured for them *soap* at a reduced price, and then taught them how to *make* it for a tenth of the current cost; and, from this simple beginning, he went on to develop other forms of industry.

The Hudson Bay Company opposed him because his industries interfered with their monopoly of traffic. Moreover, the neighborhood of a trading-post was a constant temptation to drunkenness, and to debauchery also, for parents sold their own daughters and husbands hired out their own wives for immoral ends. And so a second great thought came into Mr. Duncan's mind: to lead such Indians as would follow, away from these pernicious surroundings, and model a village upon Christian principles. It was a thought from God, and on no project for the uplifting of pagan tribes has the Divine blessing more signally rested.

About seventeen miles from Fort Simpson was the site of an abandoned Tsimshian village called Metlakahtla, beautiful for situation, with fertile soil, and good fishing and hunting grounds.

The basis of this "model state" was laid in fifteen rules, to which all must subscribe who would join the new community. These rules required the abandonment of Indian deviltry,

medicine men, gambling, and drink; of the painting of their faces, and giving away property for display; and enjoined on them to be cleanly, peaceful, industrious, honest, and liberal; to build neat dwellings, pay taxes, attend religious instruction, send their children to school, and observe the Sabbath rest.

The first company joining Mr. Duncan numbered but fifty, including men, women, and children; and this little band, in six canoes, set sail for their new home. They put up huts and a school-house, to be used also as a house of prayer; and a start was thus made. Before a week passed thirty more canoes brought three hundred recruits, including two chiefs.

Care was taken that none should be admitted to the community who did not publicly subscribe to the rules, and were not acceptable to all the others. A village council of twelve and a native constabulary force were formed, the council being meant for a sort of court; but Mr. Duncan had to decide many matters

himself, until they learned to make decisions and administer justice on equitable principles.

With sagacious unselfishness Mr. Duncan trained his little community to combine wholesome work and innocent play with reverent worship, slowly weaning them from pagan customs and vicious practises. With patient love he taught them the inhumanity of slavery, the value of human life, the sacredness of womanly virtue, and the beauty of truth and piety. At the same time he took wise sanitary measures, vaccinating the whole community, so that the smallpox plague, which swept five hundred Tsimshian Indians away, scarcely touched Metlakahtla. To promote commercial pursuits, he bought a schooner, so conducting coast trade as to make the investment a source of revenue, surprising the Indians who, for the first time, got an idea of the profits of a well-organized industry. Then came a cooperative village store; then a savings bank, which, by payments of interest, again surprised these simple-minded people

who felt that they ought rather to pay the bank for guarding their little savings.

Mr. Duncan was anything and everything by turns to the Metlakahtlan infant state—missionary and magistrate, secretary and treasurer, teacher and doctor, carpenter and trader, friend and counsellor. As the community grew, it was divided into smaller companies, with monitors or supervisors. Love had at times to resort to severity, and offenses of grave character were punished by public whipping; incorrigible evil-doers were banished, and minor offenses subjected the offender to jail, a black flag being hoisted to announce the wrong-doing and cause inquiry as to the wrong-doer. Soon new and better dwellings were built, with a church for one thousand two hundred people, a town hall, dispensary, shops, market, and all the helps to prosperous village life, including even a great sea-wall for protection, and a sawmill, where these simple villagers saw a miracle—*water made to saw wood!*

In 1870, Mr. Duncan made a short visit to England, procuring machinery, and preparing

himself to teach his Indians weaving, rope-making, and other trades. He also introduced musical instruments and organized a brass band. He had so won his followers that he who was their servant was also, by their own consent, their sovereign, and was welcomed back as with royal honors. But, best of all, he found his Indians had learned to *pray*. Thirteen years before, he had found the Tsimshian Indians afraid of him, suspicious of every act, and irresponsive to his appeals and prayers. Now hundreds were intelligently and devoutly praying with him and for him.

Metlakahtla, of course, could not be hid; it began to be a power, impressing the tribes far in the interior by its marvelous prosperity. Converts were multiplying, including five chiefs, one of whom had been the leader in the cannibal orgies which had shocked Mr. Duncan on his first arrival.

Every *Christian* community becomes also a *missionary* community. The converted Indians felt that they must send and carry the

light God had kindled to others still in darkness, and, at their own cost, they sent forth native evangelists; more than this, as Christian traders, they themselves told outsiders of their new light and life, and bore that best witness—a changed life. Visitors were drawn to Metlakahtla as Gentiles shall come to the Light that shall yet shine on Zion's hill. The fierce Chilkats sent their chief and head men from the Alaskan coast, five hundred miles away to the north, as Sheba's queen came to Solomon, to see for themselves. They came in barbaric state, and were struck dumb with amazement. The half had not been told them; Metlakahtla exceeded the fame that they heard. And when they saw the Solomon of this new state—a modest, plainly clad little white man—they could no longer restrain their astonishment, but broke out in exclamations of surprise, declaring that they could hardly believe that *he* could tame such wild warriors and subdue them into a quiet community. They asked to see the "God's Book," to which he attributed such wonders, and touched

A Christian Indian Statesman and a Preacher, New Metlakahtla, Alaska

it reverently with their finger-tips as if it was some charm, saying "Ahm! ahm!" (It is good! it is good!) Then these Chilkats went back to recommend to their tribe the white man's Book and the white man's ways. As was subsequently said by another head chief who visited Metlakahtla and asked for a teacher, "a rope has been thrown out from Metlakahtla which is encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood."

Mr. Duncan's influence so increased that none would be married without his consent. The whole community attended worship, and the empty houses were left unlocked, for there was no one to enter them. The Bible was studied, and the people learned intelligently to use it and to answer questions upon it.

Progress was rapid in every department. As early as 1866, every time their schooner sailed the Metlakahtlans posted two hundred letters. Before the first six years of this little community had passed, they had a lumber-mill and a soap factory, and were at work

dressing skins, blacksmithing, weaving, rope-making, shoemaking, etc.

The settlement bore every mark and trace of that cleanliness which is so close akin to godliness. Instead of huts in which men, women, and children were huddled together, making impossible either physical or moral decency, each dwelling was divided into separate rooms, and neatness and order prevailed. At Fort Simpson all was still ignorance, superstition, barbarism, with filth, degradation, and depravity; but here was an enlightened Christian community, with every mark of a well-ordered state.

Several facts should never be forgotten, for they are the keys to the whole situation. First of all, Mr. Duncan laid the basis of Metlakahtla *in the spiritual*, the *material* being secondary and subordinate, never allowed to displace or supplant it. Industry and external prosperity were means to a higher end, and civilization the handmaid and helper to Christianization.

The power of the Gospel was never better

tested than in Metlakahtla. When the Bishop of Columbia, in his first visit, in 1863, baptized fifty-six converts, what was his surprise to find, seated by Mr. Duncan's side, a murderer, who had slain an Englishman, and then with his tribe had defied an English man-of-war, but who surrendered himself to Mr. Duncan, and at his decision gave himself up to be handed over to the English and tried for his life! So a missionary had by love prevailed where threats and guns had failed. All the changes which the bishop witnessed were the fruit of the *first four and a half years*, and he said in his report: "*Beyond the expectation of all persons acquainted with the Indians, success and blessing have attended Mr. Duncan's labors.*" * He was especially impressed by the sacredness with which the Lord's Day was kept even in the midst of the fishing season! The whole report of the bishop is a marvelous document. These words should be quoted in full:

"*All former work, varied and interesting and impress-*

* "The Story of Metlakahtla," pp. 47–50.

ive as ministerial life is, seems insignificant before this manifest power of the Spirit of God, touching the heart and enlightening the understanding of so many recently buried in the darkness and misery of ignorant and cruel superstition. To a worthy, zealous, and gifted lay brother is this reward of his loving and patient labors. Few would believe what Mr. Duncan has gone through during the past four years and a half, laboring alone among the heathen. Truly is the result an encouragement to us all."

Lieutenant Verney has said:

"I have seen missions in various parts of the world before now, but nowhere one that has so impressed me with the reality of what has been accomplished."

Archdeacon Woods, in 1871, testified that the Metlakahtlans lived their religion, and that all observers witnessed to their honesty, self-denial, and resolute resistance to temptation. "They will not work on Sunday, drink, or lend themselves in any way to any kind of immorality." Of the Sunday he spent among them, he said that in the course of a ministry of over twenty years he had "never felt any-

thing like the solemnity of that day,'' another band of fifty-nine being baptized.

In 1876, when the visit of Lord Dufferin, governor-general of Canada, took place, he and Lady Dufferin were struck with astonishment at what they saw and heard. He said that only those who had seen could form any adequate idea of the results of the labors of those eighteen years. To the citizens of Victoria he bore witness that he had found scenes of primitive peace, innocence, idyllic beauty, and material comfort; and he eloquently said:

"What you want are not resources, but human beings to develop them and consume them. Raise your Indians to the level Mr. Duncan has taught us they can be brought to, and consider what an enormous amount of vital power you will have added to your present strength."

He had seen at Metlakahtla a substantial creation of a civilized Christian community from a people rescued in less than a score of years from the lowest level of savagery! And master as Lord Dufferin was of many tongues, he declared that he could hardly find any

words to express his astonishment at what he had witnessed.

Rev. J. J. Halcombe, in a book, "Stranger than Fiction," has presented this work as "a series of incidents without parallel in the missionary annals of the Church," "one of the marvels of the day," and he says, justly, that "of all tests of progress, the development of a missionary spirit in Metlakahtla was the most trustworthy." Another visitor has said, "Metlakahtla is only the full realization of the missionaries' dream of aboriginal restoration." *

Perhaps the most significant witness is that of Admiral Prevost, whose graphic picture of the terrible condition of these savage Tsimshians first moved Mr. Duncan to give his life to their uplifting. The admiral visited Fort Simpson in 1878, and on the very spot where, twenty-five years before, he had been so impressed and oppressed by the shadow of death, was met by Mr. Duncan and sixteen Indians, nearly all elders. Of the crew before him, nine

* *Ibid.*, p. 140.

out of the sixteen had to his knowledge been shamans or cannibals, and wild, ungovernable revellers in bloodshed and devilry were sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. He spent a month among the Metlakahtlans. Peter Simpson, who as church warden opened the church door for him, had been chief of a cannibal tribe. Canoes were all drawn up on the beach on the Lord's Day, and not a sound was heard, save the hurrying of the whole population to the house of prayer. The admiral watched the incoming throngs—here a notorious gambler, there a reclaimed drunkard, a lecherous leper, a defiant chief, a widow snatched from the jaws of infamy, a murderer who had first slain and then burned his own wife—all converts to Christ and children of God.

All this was not wrought without the use of God's own weapons, the Word of the Gospel and the importunate appeal of prayer. When this simple-minded lay missionary undertook to grapple with paganism with its terrors and shamanism with its errors, he

relied first of all upon the Gospel message, and then upon the power of the Spirit of God, and whole nights were spent in the secret place with God, as he was travailing in birth with souls. Nothing is too hard for God, when nothing is too hard for faith. To those who would not come to him, Mr. Duncan went, to declare God's counsel whether they would hear or forbear, and he went, calmly considering that it was at risk of his own life.

The Indians, owing to sundry disturbances which arose in connection with their former position in British Columbia, partly connected with Church and partly with State, in 1887 petitioned the United States government for a home in Alaska, and have removed to a new site at Portchester, on Annette Island, and are now under the protection of the great republic. Their present site seems better in every way than the old one, and the new Metlakahtla bids fair to prove ultimately more prosperous than the original state. The village is situated on a beautiful plateau of

Metlakahtla, Annette Island, Alaska

nearly level land, extending to one thousand acres, with shady beaches on three sides, affording fine facilities for shipping and fishing. The soil is excellent, and the food supply so abundant that the Indians have no desire to return to their former haunts. The United States government grants annual aid to the schools. The sawmills and canneries and furniture shops form the dominant industries.

Mr. Duncan, on January 6, 1887, addressed the Board of Indian Commissioners and the Conference of Missionary Boards and Indian Rights Associations, at Washington, D. C. His whole address is worthy of being quoted. But one paragraph we reproduce as especially a fit close to this brief story of Metlakahtla:

"One of the most embarrassing questions ever put to me by an Indian was put when I first went among the Indians at Fort Simpson. He said:

"'What do you mean by 1858?'

"'It represents the number of years that we had the Gospel of God in the world.'

"'Why did not you tell us of this before? Why

were not our forefathers told this?' I looked upon that as a poser.

"'Have you got the Word of God?'—equivalent to saying, 'Have you got a letter from God?'

"'Yes, I have God's letter.'

"'I want to see it.'

"I then got my Bible. Remember, this was my first introduction. I wanted them to understand that I had not brought a message from the white men in England or anywhere else, but from the King of Kings, the God of Heaven. They wanted to see that. It was rumored all over the camp that I had a message from God.

"The man came into the house, and I showed him the Bible. He put his finger very cautiously upon it and said, 'Is that the Word?' 'Yes, it is.' 'The Word from God?' 'Yes, it is.' 'Has he sent it to *us*?' 'He has, just as much as He has to *me*.' 'Are you going to tell the Indians that?' 'I am.' He said, 'Good; that is very good.'"

Soon after, Mr. Duncan was summoned to the chief's house, and found himself a guest at a dance. Out dashed the chief in full costume, rifle in hand. But to his astonishment, instead of a pagan dance, he found himself witnessing a *chief's prayer*. He looked

up through the hole in the roof and began to pray:

"Great Father of Heaven! Thou hast sent Thy Word. Thy letter has reached this place. We, Thy children here, are wanting it. Thy servant has come here with it. Help him to teach us and we will listen. Thanks to Thee, Great Father, for sending Thy Word to us!"

This is the outline of that prayer, reverent, pathetic, eloquent, childlike. A chant followed, and it was to the same effect as the prayer, and it was sung with joy and clapping of hands.

And these are the savages that we are told must be pauperized with presents if they are to be won, or terrorized by rifles if they are to be kept quiet; and that the only good Indian is a *dead* one! Would it not be well to try Mr. Duncan's method, and *trust* the Indian, and with an unselfish spirit seek to raise him up out of savagery by that all-powerful lever of the Gospel of Love?

No. VIII

Rabinowitz, the Modern Saul

WE now turn our thoughts to a most notable example of the converts of our times, conspicuous alike for his remarkable conversion and for his unique work among the Jews. We refer to Joseph Rabinowitz, of Kischenew, Bessarabia, a figure who stands alone in the century's records.

He was a lawyer of influence and a man of culture, who devotedly loved his people, their language, their literature, and their "holy land." He read the Hebrew Old Testament, helped to establish schools for Jewish children, and, when persecution raged in South Russia, went to Palestine to study the land and its fitness to become a refuge for colonies for his people.

בָּרוּךְ הַבָּא בְּשֵׁם יְהוָה

Joseph Rabinowitz

16th July 1893

That visit was the turning-point of his life. He was carrying a New Testament, only, however, as a sort of guide-book to the country. One day, sitting on the Mount of Olives, and looking toward the temple site, he fell to musing over the perpetual desolation of the city, the scattering of Israel, and the long tribulation of "the remnant." Then, as his gaze wandered to the site of Calvary, it suddenly flashed on him, as, long ago, on Saul of Tarsus, that the crucified Jesus is the rejected "King of the Jews." He looked on Him whom they had pierced. The veil was taken away from his inner eye in an instant, and he saw that here was the key to two mysteries: Messianic prophecy and Hebrew history. He believed; and this Hebrew of the Hebrews became that very hour an Israelite of the New Covenant, a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth. His New Testament now became a guide-book, in a sense hitherto undreamed of, and, as he opened it to read, the first passage that fell under his eye was, "I am the vine, ye are the branches; . . . without Me ye can do nothing." "I

saw in the twinkling of an eye," said he, "that our Jewish bankers, with all their millions; our scholars and statesmen, with all their wisdom; our colonization societies, with all their influence and capital, can do nothing for us; our only hope is in our Brother, Jesus, whom we crucified, and whom God raised up and set at His own right hand. Without Him we can still do nothing."

His conversion was the more notable because due solely to providentially ordered circumstances and to the light of the Holy Spirit on the written Word. God raised up another "chosen vessel" in this man of eminence and influence, of undoubted sincerity and honesty, who at once gave himself fully to the cause of his newly found Lord, "Our Brother, Jesus." His testimony was the signal for persecution from every quarter. The Jewish press anathematized him, and they of his own household became his foes. He accepted the cross, however, boldly maintaining his testimony and despising the shame, till enmity was softened, and one after another of his own family joined

him in confessing Christ. In 1885 he was baptized, but kept free from official connection with any organization, so that his testimony might be the more effective among his Jewish brethren.

Somerville Hall is the name of his preaching-chapel. But his work has been far-reaching. His name, conversion, and testimony became well known among the Jews in Russia; fresh faces were seen in the hall every Lord's Day, and his printed sermons and tracts were widely circulated. His last booklet was entitled, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." He died in 1899.

From every point of view Rabinowitz was not only a remarkable man, but a unique historic figure. His personal devotion to the Lord was intense. "To us Jews," he said, "Jesus Christ is a reality; not a creed, a form, a religion. He is our King, our all. We must not live or work for men; we must seek only to please Him." From the time he saw Christ to be the Messiah, the whole Old Testament became to him an illumined book, and he

found Christ everywhere in it; and the New Testament became its Divine key.

He had great power of apt illustration. For instance, his parable of "The lost carriage-wheel," which he represented as being sought for in front, not behind, set forth how the Jewish nation is seeking for a Messiah still to come, instead of going back to Him who has come, and how the loss of Him to the nation has caused them such a strange and sorrowful history. Another equally striking parabolic picture is that of the Jewish nation's suffering, which he represented by a man internally wounded. The patient makes no complaint, till at last the doctor, seeking the seat of disease, touches a spot which makes him cry with pain. "I speak to my people of their fanatical adhesion to the Talmud, or their love of Mammon and the world; they raise no objection, but agree these things are so; but, when I mention the name of Jesus Christ, lo! they shrink with horror. There, in their rejection of Him, is the cause and seat of all Israel's pain."

Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, while at the Evangelistic Institute in Chicago, talked with this Israelite day after day, and heard him pour out his soul in prayer, and he said that never before had he witnessed such ardent affection for Jesus, such absorbing devotion to His person and glory. A strange radiance came into the face of Rabinowitz as he expounded the Messianic psalms; and, as he caught a glimpse of the suffering of the glorified Christ, he would lift hands and eyes to heaven, and, in a burst of admiration, exclaim, like Thomas when he saw the nail-prints, "My Lord and my God!" So saturated was he with the Hebrew Scriptures, that, when he preached or taught, it was as if Isaiah or some old-time prophet was speaking. "What is your view of inspiration?" he was asked. Holding up his Hebrew Bible, he said: "My view is that this is the Word of God; the Spirit of God dwells in it; when I read it, I know that God is speaking to me, and when I preach it, I say to the people: 'Be silent, and hear what Jehovah will say to you.' As for comparing

its inspiration with that of Homer or Shakespeare, it is not a question of *degree* but of *kind*. Electricity, which will pass through an iron bar, will not go through a glass rod, however beautiful and transparent, because it has no affinity for it. So the Spirit of God dwells in the Holy Scriptures as His proper medium, but not in other writings, because He has no affinity with them."

How vivid were New-Testament pictures to this Jew who had lived for years in Jewish history and tradition! In Rev. xvi : 15, he read : "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame." This passage evoked his remarks : "This admonition of the Lord," said he, "affected me very deeply when I first read it, for I knew at a glance its meaning. All night long the watchmen in the temple kept on duty. The overseer of the temple was always likely to appear at unexpected hours, to see if these were faithfully attending to their charge. If he came upon any watchman who had fallen

asleep, he quietly drew off his loose garments and bore them away as a witness against him when he should wake. My Lord may come in the second or in the third watch; therefore I must be always ready, lest, coming suddenly, He find me sleeping, and I be stripped of my garments."

Again he said: "What questioning and controversies the Jews have kept up over Zech. xii: 10: 'They shall look upon Me —את—whom they pierced.' They will not admit that it is Jehovah whom they pierced. Hence the dispute about the 'whom'; but this word is simply the first and last letters of the Hebrew alphabet—*Aleph*, *Tav*. Filled with awe and astonishment, I open to Rev. i: 7, 8, and read these words of Zechariah, as quoted by John: 'Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him'; and then I heard the glorified Lord saying: ' . . . I am the ALPHA AND OMEGA.' Jesus seemed to say: 'Do you doubt who it is whom you pierced? I am

the *Aleph*, *Tav*—the *Alpha*. *Omega*—Jehovah the Almighty.'"

Rabinowitz saw clearly, in the eleventh of Romans, the Divine order and plan for the bringing of the nations to God: First, the present Gentile election and outgathering; then the Jews converted and restored to God's favor in connection with the second advent of our Lord; then world-wide evangelization and universal ingathering. Referring to the fifteenth of Acts, "Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for His name," he said: "That is now going on. During Israel's rejection, the elect Church is being gathered. 'After this I will return and build again the tabernacle of David that is fallen down,' etc., plainly refers to the conversion and restoration of Israel. Many spiritualize these words, applying them to the Christian Church; but it will not be easy to make a Jew believe that, inasmuch as the words in Amos, here quoted, so plainly refer to the restoration of Israel; and the Jews have from time immemorial re-

peated this prayer at their yearly Feast of Tabernacles: 'O Thou Redeemer, prosper those who seek Thee at all times: Raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen, that it may no longer be degraded.'"

Without a clear proclamation of the second advent, Rabinowitz maintained that Christians have no common ground on which to meet the Jews, and that to spiritualize this doctrine is fatal, since the predictions of a suffering Messiah are no more clear than those of a glorious and conquering Messiah. The Christian who spiritualizes the second advent must therefore allow the Jew to spiritualize the first, as he is always ready to do; and there is no basis on which to refute his view.*

With indescribable dramatic fervor and pathos, referring to the Body of Christ, he said: "Jesus, the glorified Head of the Church, is making up His body now. Will my nation have no place in that body? Yes, the last and most sacred place. When, from India's and

* Comp. Adolph Saphir, "Divine Unity of Scripture."

China's millions, and from the innumerable multitudes of Africa and the islands of the sea, the last Gentile believer shall have been brought in, and His body made complete, there will still be left a place for little Israel; it will be given to converted Israel to fill up the hole in his side—that wound never to be closed till the nation which made it is saved." Rabinowitz believed and declared confidently that the Spirit is moving on his people as never before since their dispersion, and he was full of joy at the prospect of their speedy turning to the Lord.

His exposition of Christ's farewell to the temple was dramatic: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate; and verily, verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see Me until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." He pictured a Jew, sitting in the door of his lonely house in the evening. Suddenly he catches sight of a beloved and long-separated friend approaching. He rises up and shouts out his salutation to him: "Blessed is He that cometh

in the name of the Lord." "So shall Israel do," he said, "when the Spirit of grace and of supplication has been poured out upon them; and they shall see Him whom they pierced coming to them. As they once cried, 'Crucify Him! Crucify!' now they will cry, 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.'"

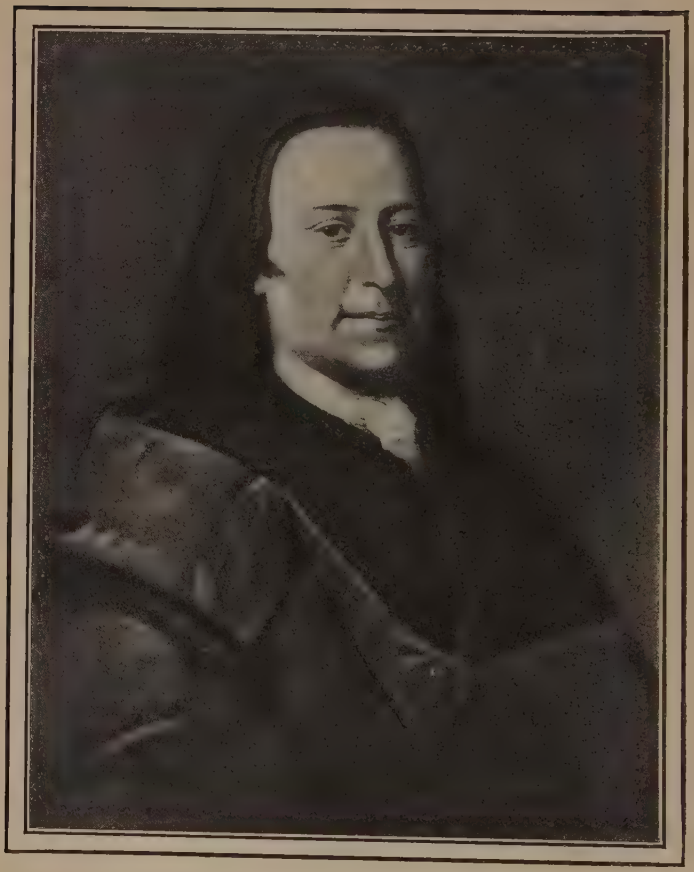
Rabinowitz stands out thus boldly as a unique figure in the history of modern missions, partly because of the bearing of his conversion, work, and teaching on that absorbing question—the future of the Jew. While anti-Semitism rages in Europe, and Zionism has had its five conferences, now, as never before, both Church and State unite to ask, What is the solution to the problem of the Jew?*

Professor Delitzsch hailed Rabinowitz's conversion as "the first ripe fig" on the so-long-barren tree of rejected Israel, a sign that "summer is nigh." He said:

"The movement at Kischenew is certainly

* "The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew." David Baron.

a prelude of the end. . . . No doubt the final conversion of the nation will be preceded by such testimony proceeding from individuals raised up by God and filled with His Spirit. Voices will be heard in Israel, calling to repentance, to a return to God and His anointed (Hos. vi : 1–3 ; iii : 5); many shall awake to new life, and from that portion of Israel to which blindness is happened a Jewish-Christian congregation will be gathered. The religion of the Messiah will then prove the Divine power which penetrates the spiritual and social life of the nation. Joseph Rabinowitz is a star in the firmament of his people's history. One thing is certain : the history of the Church can not reach its consummation until the prophetic and apostolic Word, predicting the conversion of the remnant of Israel, is fulfilled—an event which will bring an abundance of spiritual powers and gifts for the revival of the whole world."



Nicolaus Ludwig, Count Von Zinzendorf
From a portrait by Kupetzky

No. IX

A Wonder Working Church

THE Moravian Brotherhood has been and is a historic marvel. Herrnhut, about fifty miles from Dresden, is the center from which radiate the noble missionary efforts of the United Brethren. It is a plain village of Quaker simplicity and about one thousand people, where all is neat, orderly, and pervaded by the religious element.

The "House of the Brethren" and the "House of the Sisters" are the homes of unmarried men and women, respectively; the former with thirty, and the latter, one hundred inmates. No celibate or monastic vows are taken, and the association is voluntary in the interests of economy and industry and Christian labor. On the slope of Hutberg Hill lies the peaceful burial-place of the com-

munity, with the tomb of Christian David, and slabs of stone lying flat on the ground and looking eastward, bearing the simplest record of the dead.

The stone building at Berthelsdorf was, up to 1899, the residence of the Elders' Conference. They met thrice a week around their table, to examine the correspondence of the body, and talk over and pray over all the affairs of the *Unitas Fratrum*. Here was the hub of the great wheel from which extend to the utmost circumference of their work the various spokes—financial, educational, evangelistic, disciplinary.

As the Moravian Brethren lead all Christendom in the high average of their missionary consecration and contribution, we may well ask, What is the cause? Their creed does not essentially differ from other creeds of Christendom's reformed churches. They especially emphasize, both by pulpit and press, the person and work of the Lord Jesus, as Redeemer. In Him, as they say, they "have the grace of the Son, the love of the Father, and the com-

munion of the Spirit." The Holy Scriptures they cordially accept as the inspired and the infallible Word of God; and the living Word, the blessed Christ, is, especially in His character as a *sacrifice for sin*, the object of their trust and the model for their imitation. They lay stress not so much upon *doctrine* as *life*.

The body is governed by a General Synod, meeting every ten years or so at Herrnhut. Provincial Synods control the four provinces, Continental, English, and American (North and South).

In constitution, their church combines the features of Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, but they are not jealous of "Episcopal ordination" or "apostolic succession." They rather prize, as of unspeakable worth, the baptism of the Holy Ghost and the apostolic spirit of self-denial and loyalty to Christ.

Their morality is blameless. Capital crimes, divorce, etc., are unknown. Like the Waldenses, they seem to be appointed of God to keep alive the embers of the primitive faith and apostolic spirit in the midst of the world-

liness, extravagance, and selfishness that would quench even the fires of God.

Their illustrious "father" in modern times was Count Zinzendorf. But their spiritual ancestry in Moravia and Bohemia reaches back, more or less clearly traceable, even to the ninth century. John Huss (born 1369) was their most famous reformer. In 1457 they organized as a religious society; after years of fierce persecution, in 1467 they held a synod, and completely separated from the State, and obtained from the Waldenses the "Episcopal succession." Three bishops were consecrated. After a most remarkable history of alternating prosperity and persecution by the anti-reformation of Ferdinand II., Protestantism was totally overthrown in Bohemia and Moravia. Hundreds of thousands of people were driven out as the Huguenots were from France, and for almost a hundred years the *Unitas Fratrum* was like treasure hid afield. The population of Bohemia was reduced from three million to eight hundred thousand by the Thirty Years' War.

Just fifty years after Comenius, the last bishop of the Bohemian-Moravian provinces of the old Unity, died, two families of Moravian exiles reached Count Zinzendorf's estate in Saxony—*Berthelsdorf*, seeking refuge. There, under his sheltering care, they built *Herrnhut* (Protection of the Lord), and revived their ancient church. Zinzendorf, resigning worldly honors and riches, became their bishop and the new "father" of this apostolic assembly. For nearly one hundred and fifty years they have been multiplying churches and missions. At *Gnadenhutten* (Tents of Grace), in Ohio, ninety Moravian Indians and six heathen Indians were massacred in 1782 by suspicious whites. In Lapland, among the Samoyeds, in Algeria, Persia, Ceylon, the East Indies, Guiana, Guinea, among the Calmucks, in Abyssinia and Tranquebar, Greenland, Labrador, on the Mosquito Coast, in German East Africa, in the islands of the West Indies, etc., in South Africa, Little Tibet and Kashmir, Australia, and now in Alaska and among the Indians of California, this

feeble yet mighty band of disciples have carried the flag of the cross.

This work of foreign missions chiefly engages and almost absorbs the life of the Moravian Brotherhood. It was begun in 1732, one hundred and sixty-nine years ago, when Herrnhut was the only church, and numbered only six hundred souls. Within one hundred and thirty years this little band had sent out two thousand one hundred missionaries, exclusive of native assistants. Zinzendorf, prior to his sixteenth year, had formed with youths of like mind the *Senfkorn Orden* (Order of the Grain of Mustard-seed), with its covenant of mutual love, loyalty to Christ, and direct aim and effort for the conversion of souls. The badge of the order was a shield with an "Ecce Homo," and the motto: "*His wounds, our healing.*" Their rule of life: "None of us liveth to himself;" "we will love the whole family of man." Thus, while this young count was at school in Halle, he was preparing unconsciously to become the leader of *the great missionary Church* of our day. This con-

secrated man married a godly woman who, with him, cast rank and riches to the winds, as inventions of human vanity; and these two took as their sole aim in life the *winning of souls*. They were ready at a moment's call to enter on any mission work, and counted that place as home where they could find the widest door open for Christian labor. And so the *Senfkorn Orden* of the young lad at Halle grew into the *Diaspora* of the Brotherhood at Herrnhut.

The history of this Brotherhood is a modern miracle. While during the eighteenth century, "England was," as Isaac Taylor said, "in virtual heathenism," and, as Samuel Blair declared, "religion in America lay a dying," when Voltaire and Frederick the Great ruled Europe, and lasciviousness in novel and drama, and deism in pulpit and press, threatened alike the foundations of morality and piety; when the whole Church seemed bowing to the idols of this world, and scarce the form of godliness was left—even then the Moravian Church remained both

evangelical and evangelistic! Probably, up to this time, not less than three thousand five hundred brethren and sisters have been engaged in foreign work, beside all that have been helpers in the work of the *Diaspora*.

The Moravians have not been remarkable for rapid multiplication. *Their practical separation from the world* neither invited worldly accessions nor allowed worldly conformities. Zinzendorf and his colleagues adopted, as the fundamental principle of the *Church at home* Spener's idea of *ecclesiolæ in ecclesia*—little churches or households of faith within the Church, retreats for the godly. In the Moravian settlements only Church members could own real estate, and rigid separation from the world was encouraged.

Again, the missionary spirit is so fostered that the *Church abroad is more conspicuous than the Church at home*. Both domestic and foreign missions are carried on by this numerically small body on a scale proportionately more extensive than any other Christian denomination. The work of *Home Evangelization* or the

Diaspora (see I. Pet. i : 1, Greek—*i.e.*, "scattering of seed") is very extensive in Europe. It aims to evangelize state churches, without proselyting their members. Missionaries hold meetings for prayer and exhortation, visiting from house to house. In 1862, one hundred and twenty missionaries were thus employed, male and female, and the enterprise reached from Saxony to France, Switzerland and Germany, north to Sweden and Norway, and east into Russia. At that time eighty thousand members were connected with this *Diaspora* on the continent. In this country also operations were commenced chiefly among German emigrants.

So near as we can ascertain, on December 31, 1900, this Brotherhood numbered, *including all the baptized*, over ninety-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven at home, and over ninety-five thousand four hundred and twenty-four abroad, making a total of about one hundred and ninety-two thousand three hundred and one, and of these, three hundred and ninety-seven were foreign missionaries, with

forty-seven ordained native ministers, and one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five native helpers. In other words, *one* out of every two hundred and forty-four communicants was a foreign missionary; they had nearly as many communicants in their *mission* churches as in the home churches, and actually raised $427,-112.79, an average of $4.40 for each communicant, for foreign missions alone. At the same ratio, if the fifty million evangelical Protestant Church members should similarly contribute, we should have $225,000,000 instead of barely $12,000,000 as our missionary income, and, if the whole Christian Church would imitate such personal consecration, the evangelical churches would be sending into the field seven hundred thousand missionaries instead of ten thousand!

Prof. J. Taylor Hamilton, the historian of the Moravians, has at my request kindly furnished additional facts down to December 31, 1900, about this mission Church. He says:

"Since 1899 the Unity's Elders' Conference has ceased to exist. The term 'Mission

"God's Acre"—The Moravian Cemetery at Herrnhut, Germany

Board' might be substituted, since the 'Mission Board' of five, representatives of the various nationalities to which members of the Unitas Fratrum belong, now forms the central body, in so far as any central administrative body exists. The Directing Board of the Unity now consists of the several Provincial Elders' Conferences in Germany, England, and America.

"There are *four* provinces since 1899, American, North and South, being distinct. As an organic body the Brotherhood was not existing prior to 1457. We lay claim to nothing prior to the followers of Huss. The date usually assigned to his birth by the most modern historians is 1369. Comenius was the last bishop of the Bohemian-Moravian provinces of the old Unity, but not of the Unity as such; the succession in the Polish Province was maintained without a break until the days of Jablonski, who consecrated David Nitschmann (1735), and Sitkovius, who assented to this consecration. The first missionaries set out in 1732.

"Up to the beginning of the year 1900 the Church sent out 2,604 missionaries, male and female, not reckoning a number of men dispatched in connection with the maintenance of trades and industries undertaken for the support of the work.

"The *Diaspora* missionaries (male) now number fifty-seven. The Russian work has been compelled to contract on account of arbitrary governmental repression. The centers are in the Kingdom of Saxony, Silesia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, Province of Prussia, Posen, Province of Saxony, Rhenish Prussia, Schleswig-Holstein, Bremen, Brunswick, Hanover, Lippe, Hamburg, Hesse, Thuringia, Franconia, Würtemberg, Alsace, Basel, Zürich, Bern, Aargau, Montbéliard, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Livonia, and Esthonia. Some of the former Swiss *Diaspora* societies have become recognized congregations of the Unity, owing to changes in Swiss laws. It is hard to give the membership of the *Diaspora* with accuracy. I doubt if it is more than sixty thousand, though sometimes placed at seventy thousand.

In England a similar work is carried on, known as the 'Rural Mission.' In America the home missions resemble those of other churches.

"The statistics of January 1, 1901, the most recent *complete* statistics for the entire Unity, are as follows:

German Province (omitting *Diaspora*) . . .	8,096
Bohemian Province	691
British Province	5,955
American Province, North	18,195
American Province, South	5,272
Foreign missionaries (including secretaries, etc.)	*450
Total	38,659
Foreign missions, total membership . . .	96,877
	135,536
Diaspora associates	†60,000
	195,536

"The *Diaspora* should be counted in instituting comparisons, for these members contribute largely to our missions both in *men* and in means.

* So in the text-book. † Perhaps 70,000.

"The actual missionaries in the field, according to the statistics of December 31, 1900, numbered three hundred and ninety-seven, with forty-seven ordained native ministers and assistant ministers. The native helpers numbered one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five. The total membership was ninety-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

"The total cost of the missions in the last financial year was $427,112.79. The sum of $172,553.65 was raised in the mission provinces themselves, both by contributions and as the product of industries. Friends of the Church gave $76,857.85. The members of the Church in the home provinces contributed about $26,068.18. Legacies (I can not separate those from members and those from friends) brought in $26,913.65.

"The interest of funds (derived from legacies of friends and members for specific or general purposes) amounted to $109,369. It will therefore appear that we are usually credited too liberally in connection with our average contribution for missions per communicant

member. I may add that a deficit of $19,-973.59 rests upon our mission work as a whole at the present time.

"One feature of note is, however, the comparatively small cost of administration. Including printing expenses, last year it amounted to but $28,726.08, the salaries of bookkeepers and treasurers and secretaries being reckoned in, together with office expenses and salaries of the members of the board."

No. X

The Story of the New Hebrides Converts

BY REV. JOHN PATON, D.D.

THE New Hebrides Christians are a people of simple faith who have embraced the Gospel, and try to love and serve Jesus Christ according to their knowledge of the teaching of His blessed word. They try to observe in their every-day life and conduct all that Jesus has commanded. They begin and close every day with private and family prayer, and ask the Divine blessing on all meals of food regularly, and try to train their children in the fear of God and for His service. Their constant every-day walk and conversation are powerful object-lessons to the heathen and to all, of the wonderful change they have under-

A Native Christian Teacher's House, Eromanga

gone by the teaching and power of the Gospel, as they try to live for Jesus and eternity. They are far from being free from faults and failings common to man; nor are any of them perfect, for we all sin and come short. There are none righteous, no not one, except our Savior, the God and man Jesus Christ. But, according to their light and education, they would stand a favorable comparison with a similar number of Christians—say, any eighteen thousand taken promiscuously from any white Christian community. A few years ago, as heathen, they knew nothing of the Sabbath, yet now it is better kept by them, and their churches are better attended, than I have seen in any land since I left the islands. They also highly value and carefully read and study the Scriptures, as for man they are God's only infallible guide and rule of faith and practise. . When we began the Lord's work among them, they were all painted savage cannibals, without any clothing and without any written language. The women had to do all the plantation work, while the men were engaged

chiefly in war or in talking about it. They lived constantly in a state of superstitious dread of the revenge of their heathen gods and of their enemies, and of the spirits of the people they had murdered, and of evils brought on them by their sacred men, heathen priests, and wizards, whom they all exceedingly feared.

As heathen they have no idea of natural death, but believe that every person who dies is killed by some one through sorcery or witchcraft, in using a piece of an orange or banana skin, or something of which the dead person has eaten a part. So after a death they all meet daily, and with each other talk over the case to find out who has caused it. Then, as soon as some person will name any one with whom he is unfriendly as having caused the death, they load a rifle, and the priest or chief walks up to some young man and presents him with the loaded weapon, saying, "You are to go and shoot this fowl or hog for us." He generally has no alternative but to be shot, or take the rifle, lay it

aside, and go and paint his face, neck, breast, and arms black, and return, take up the rifle, and go and shoot the innocent person, after watching for him concealed in the bush near his house. War often follows in revenge, and in this way many lives are lost, and sometimes a whole village or tribe is swept away.

On the islands first occupied by us infanticide was common, the aged were murdered, and all widows were strangled to death when their husbands died. This was one of the most difficult savage practises to get the natives to give up, as they thought it was a great dishonor for the spirit of the husband not to have the spirit of his wife to wait upon him as a slave in the world of spirits. Notwithstanding all these dreadful savage cruelties and superstitions, even as heathen they were an interesting, industrious people, living in villages and towns, and, like country farmers, cultivating and planting the lands around them for support of themselves and families. Yet they have almost no buying and selling and no money is in circulation among them.

"Might is right," and by club-laws the strong oppress the weak without mercy.

The missionary first tries to acquire the language of the natives among whom he is placed; he has no help or teacher, but tries to pick it up as spoken by them, to discover its grammatical construction, phonetically reduces it to a written form, translates some hymns into it, and teaches the people to sing them. He also translates and prepares a small book of extracts of Scripture, giving them an account of the creation, the fall, the flood, of God's love and mercy to men in Jesus Christ. He teaches them to read and understand it, and to receive the Scriptures of God as the only infallible guide and rule of faith and practise to all men of all colors and countries, and that in it, by the suffering and death of His only begotten Son, Jesus, God offers salvation and eternal happiness to all men who will accept it, believe and obey it, having repented of and given up all sin. A good God of love and mercy, so loving our lost and ruined race as to send His Son into

WILLIAMS RIVER, EROMANGA

The point on the shore where natives stand is that on which John Williams was murdered

our world to die for men and give them eternal life, is that by which Divine grace enlightens the mind and moves the heart of the savage to love and serve God above all else. Hence they delight to attend school and church and prayer-meeting in order to learn all possible about the Savior and their privileges and duties in Him, whom they try to love and serve as their present abiding friend and eternal reward.

All who attend our communicants' classes as catechumens must have a pretty correct general knowledge of whatever portions of Scripture they have, translated and printed in their own language ; they must also know the Church catechism or confession of faith which I prepared for them in Aniwan, and which has also been translated into other languages. Each man and woman must also have an unstained character, so far as man knows, for a year before they are allowed to attend the communicants' class. Then, according to their Christian knowledge and devotion, they attend the class from one to three years or

longer before we baptize them and admit them to the membership of the church. Hence, by God's blessing on such careful training and preparation of them for church membership, we have fewer of our members falling away, and far more intelligent consecrated Christian help from them, in working for the salvation of others and in all God's work, than we would have if we baptize them, as some do, on a confession of their faith and because they are able to answer a few simple questions. We believe that neither they nor we can really know, love, and serve Jesus, and feast upon real communion with Him at His table and in the joys of His salvation and service, without doing all that we can to teach others to accept and enjoy the same blessings for time and eternity. They are thus taught and led by Divine grace to believe in all the evangelical doctrines of our common faith and to try earnestly to live up to them, in all things serving Jesus Christ.

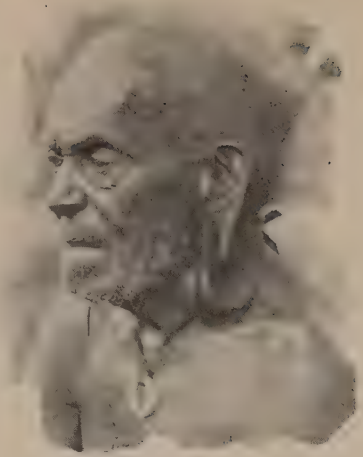
All through life God's people grow in Christian knowledge and consecrated devotion

to Jesus and His work, by their daily communion with Him in prayer and reading the Scriptures, as in humble penitence they follow on, loving and serving Him more perfectly, using all diligence to make their calling and election sure, till at death Christ perfects them in heaven. Our converts and church members begin and close every day in private and family prayer. They ask God's blessing on all meals of food. On the Sabbath none of them are seen turning their backs on the Sabbath-school and church services, and going away, as many do in these lands, on foot, on bicycles, in carriages, street-cars, railways, and steamboats, to spend God's day in pleasure and amusement, forgetting or disregarding the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." Unless confined to a bed of sickness or having to attend one so confined, all our church members are in their seats in the church on the Lord's day in all weather, and also at the week-day prayer-meetings. And being accustomed to prayer with their families, no male member when

requested ever declines to open or close, publicly, a church service with prayer.

Their education and knowledge is limited and far from being like ours, and yet they can all read what of the Scriptures they possess, and show great zeal and exercise much self-denial in trying to teach and bring the heathen to know and love and serve Jesus Christ as their God and Savior. Some of them die, and others have been murdered, when away as teachers, but others zealously volunteer to go and occupy their places, as lately from Aniwa one died on Tanna, and the Aniwans sent five additional teachers in his place.

Our converts build and keep up their own schools and churches without outside help, and by planting and preparing arrowroot yearly they have paid at the rate of about five dollars a leaf, including the binding of the Scriptures, as we have been able to translate them into twenty-two of their languages. This is a great undertaking for them. The natives of Aneityum paid one thousand two hundred pounds, or six thousand dollars, to the



AN AGED HEATHEN OF FUTUNA

He is said to be the oldest man in the Pacific—about 115 years old. He is still active, though he was too old to fight sixty years ago

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN TEACHER IN FUTUNA

British and Foreign Bible Society for printing the complete Bible in their language, and a number of the islands pay the thirty dollars each yearly to keep their own teachers.

Even now the change in the living and conduct of our converts is a wonderful work of Divine grace, and we hope that Jesus will be able to show the "finished product" among His redeemed in the glory of heaven. Pray that they and we may be led faithfully to live and labor for Jesus till death, and that He may spare us and give us the help and means of extending the teachings and blessings of the Gospel to the from forty thousand to sixty thousand cannibals yet on the New Hebrides.

No. XI

Self-supporting Churches in Korea *

BY REV. HORACE G. UNDERWOOD, D.D.,
SEOUL, KOREA

EVERY church in its mission work is desirous of establishing in the fields in which it may have missionaries a self-supporting, self-propagating, and self-governing church. The question is, whether self-support can be most satisfactorily accomplished by the granting of generous aid at the beginning, or by pushing the idea of self-support from the very opening of the work. This paper presents an object-lesson of a field and mission where the self-support principle was strenuously pushed from the very first. The Koreans are not rich, but

* Condensed from a paper read at the Ecumenical Conference, Carnegie Hall, New York, Friday morning, April 27, 1900.

A Christian School for Girls, Seoul, Korea

extremely poor. There are no large guilds of wealthy merchants, and a small sum of money is a fortune in Korea. A man with a capital of one or two hundred dollars would be considered well-to-do and almost a gentleman of leisure. The poorer classes, from whom in the main our church members come, live largely in low, thatched mud huts with one or perhaps two small rooms, eight feet square each, with a hole in one side covered with paper, in lieu of a window, and a small rough lattice door. As we sailed down the Yalu River, with China on the one side and Korea on the other, the contrast was most marked. On that side the Chinaman with his stone-built and well-tiled house, strongly made, expensive boats, his well-built wagons, the wheels of which were studded with iron nails, his fur clothing, and every aspect of substantial means; while on our own side we saw the Korean with his thatched mud huts and their little paper windows, his poor rickety boats, his cotton clothing, and every appearance of poverty. It certainly can not be said that the

measure of success that has been meted to our work is due to Korea's wealth.

The general principle on which we work is, that the missionary is a leader who has to gather his workers from among the people—that each missionary shall be allowed one paid personal helper, but no one shall be used as a paid helper unless he has proved himself qualified for the position. When a man's work becomes so large that, with thirty or forty churches to oversee, he is unable to superintend the work with only one helper, he may, by vote of the mission, be granted an extra paid helper. No evangelist or pastor is paid with foreign funds—that is, with the board's money, or with funds provided by friends at home, or drawn from the missionary's own pocket. The missionary needs his helper to keep in touch with his field and to properly oversee his work, but the real evangelistic work and the paying of evangelists, and the carrying of the Gospel into new districts, we place on the shoulders of the native church. The building of their churches and chapels, as well as their

primary schools, is borne by the natives, and during the last few years we have asked the natives to carry on the native church schools, although in the beginning assistance may be rendered to the extent of one-half their expenses. We have tried from the start to put the burden of propagating the Gospel on the natives. We have striven to make every Korean realize that the Gospel has been given to him not for himself alone, but in order that he might carry it to his neighbor, and that it was his *privilege to become a coworker with God.*

When we started out with this plan we were almost startled, and tempted to think that we would have to wait a long while before we could see any great results, but I believe the progress of the work here is very largely *due to God's blessing on the method that we have adopted.* The very fact that the burden of preaching the Gospel is put upon the natives has given to us a church of earnest Christian workers, who are fast carrying the Gospel throughout the whole land. To-day we have

in Korea, out of 188 imperfectly organized Presbyterian churches (last September's figures), 186 *that are entirely self-supporting*. In them we have an adult membership of 2,873, of whom 865 were added during the year. They contributed for

	Yen
Congregational expenses	2,525.90
Education	411.89
Church buildings and repairs	3,099.53
Home and Foreign Mission	237.11
A total for the year of	*6,274.43

This sum total does not represent a large amount given in grain, eggs, products of various kinds, and a great deal of voluntary labor, not only in preaching, but in the building of churches, etc.

It should be noticed that in the capital, and in the open ports, where labor commands a higher wage than anywhere else, the wages of an artisan will be about fifty sen, and

* According to the Standard Dictionary, a yen is the equivalent of 99½ cents, which would make this amount equal to about $6,200.

of a laborer not more than thirty sen a day.*

Some ten or more years ago, when the Sorai or Chang Yun church had a membership of ten or a dozen, they sent a delegation to Seoul, to let me know that they were desirous of securing a church building for their neighborhood. I expressed joy at their decision, but when I found that they were expecting the mission to provide them with a church, I soon disabused their minds, and informed them that they must put up their own building. When in reply they said it would be impossible, I pointed to the fact that they had wood on their hills, axes and tools in their homes, God-given muscles in their arm; and I told them that if they had decided to build a church, and would let me know when they were going to begin, I would come down and lend a hand in cutting down the trees and in erecting the chapel.

A few years later the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, from Canada, arrived in Korea, and settled in

* A sen equals a cent.—*Standard Dictionary.*

the little village of Sorai. His earnest Christian life there soon brought a change among the villagers; Christians who had become cold in the Lord's service soon had their faith rekindled as they saw his devotion, and it was not long before they decided to build a church. One gave the trees as they stood, others offered to go and cut them down, others volunteered the use of their ox-carts to haul them to the site, a poor widow woman gave the lot on which the church stands, others gave grain to feed the men who volunteered their labor, and a few gave money. Brother McKenzie did not live to see the completion of the work; the same messenger from Sorai brought me a letter from him, asking me to go there to dedicate the church on the first Sunday in July, 1895, and a notification of his decease.

This church, the result of so much native labor, the proof of so much zealous love for the Master, was dedicated July 7th. It was a substantially built chapel, thirty-five by twenty feet, with a tiled roof. It was in the center of a farm village of about sixty houses. Before a

month was passed, under the unpaid ministrations of Brother So Kyeng Jo, the building was too small, and steps were taken for its enlargement. Before a year was out its capacity was doubled, and two neat class-rooms were added.

The church to-day is one of the strongest that we have in Korea. It has become the center for the whole of the Chang Yun circuit, and from it has grown twelve other churches. This church, in addition to paying all its own expenses, supports an evangelist, who, under the direction of the elder and deacons, travels from church to church, and from village to village, and for whom they have built a house. It supports its own church school, which, through the generosity of the church members, has from time to time received endowments in fields which now almost meet the entire school expense. In addition to this, they are very liberal in assisting other churches and chapels, from time to time send out companies of Christians to preach Christ in villages where He is not known, and they take up collections for mis-

sion work, and on two occasions, that of the Indian famine and the Turkish atrocities among the Armenians, collections were voluntarily taken up. When it is remembered that the people are largely paid in kind, and that their wage is not ten cents a day, the above voluntary contribution alone represents no small deprivation. Brother So Kyeng Jo, the elder in this section, has informed me that if the native convert would but be as generous in the worship of the true God as he was formerly zealous for the heathen deities, the Korean Christians would have more than enough money to build their own churches, carry on their own native schools, pay for their own books, and when all this was done, they would have quite a sum left over toward the salaries of the missionaries whom they need as leaders.

About the same time that Mr. McKenzie began planning for his church, the little building on the mission compound in Seoul became too small, and it was necessary to enlarge it. In a city like Seoul, where every-

thing was so dear, and where all our members were poor, we thought that we might make an exception to the general rule, so we called the church together, and told them that we were planning for a building that would cost in the neighborhood of one thousand yen. We asked them what they could do. After considerable discussion, our hearts were very much cheered when the latter told us that they had raised a little over twenty yen. We thought that the little handful of people in our Seoul church had done nobly, and the missionaries took steps toward raising the balance of the money for the new building among themselves. A site was secured, and we were getting ready to begin work, when one day, at a little prayer-meeting, our deacon, Yi Chun Ho, startled the Koreans, as well as the missionary, by the suggestion that the natives should put up the new church without foreign aid. I at once said: "You have raised twenty yen, and believed that you had done all you could; it will take almost one thousand yen to put up the church. Can you do it?" I felt strongly

rebuked by his quiet reply: "We ask such questions as 'Can you do it?' about men's work, but not about God's work." The following Sunday one or two members made the proposition to the people, and, in several strong speeches, proposed that they put their shoulders to the wheel; that those who could not give money should give labor, and that those who could not give labor or money should gather the materials, and that all of them should unite and make up their minds that they could put up a church for themselves.

The proposition was enthusiastically accepted, and they determined to see what could be done. The women, of their own accord, agreed to have in the kitchen a Lord's basket, and of everything that they cooked or made they set aside a small portion, which was to be sold for the church. Boys, who had no means at all, gathered up stones that could be used in the building. Men who had never done a stroke of work volunteered to do what they could. It was decided to begin operations just as soon as there were any

funds to commence with, and to go as fast as the funds would allow. Some Christian carpenters, men who are simply day-laborers, said, as their families were dependent upon them, they could not work for nothing every day, but they would gladly do so every alternate day. The mission gave nothing but the site, tiles, and a few timbers from an old building. The missionaries threw off their coats and assisted in the work, and on Christmas day of the same year we were privileged to dedicate the Sai Mun An church that had been put up entirely by the natives, at the cost of seven hundred and fifty yen. It is only thirty-five by twenty-five feet, but the natives look upon it as their own church. From the very start we have been crowded, and, did the lot allow it, we would have ere this commenced the erection of a more commodious building. The example set by the Chang Yun and Sai Mun An churches, and almost at the same time by one or two congregations in the Province of Yeng Yang, has been followed all over the land wherever Presbyterian work is starting,

and it is not an uncommon experience, and certainly a pleasant one, for a missionary, on his visiting a station, to find that the natives have ready a church or chapel for him to dedicate. These are but samples of what is being done in Korea, and the way in which the Koreans are helping on the work of the Lord. The above instances were chosen simply because they were best known to the writer, but they are by no means exceptions.

I give now some plans followed in our work.

First.—We do not foist a completely organized church upon the native infant body of believers. The organization is as simple as possible, and the leader may be one of the deacons or an elder, if they have them.

Second.—We endeavor to plan our church architecture in accordance with the ability of the natives to build, and the styles of houses generally used. This is a very important feature in the successful carrying out of this plan of self-support.

Third.—We try to place the responsibility

of giving the Gospel to the heathen upon the Christians. Our aim is that every Christian shall become an active worker. We try to make every one feel that it is his privilege to tell others of Christ, and, in fact, we refuse to receive into church membership a man or woman who tells us that they have never tried to lead others to Christ. As a result, from a number of congregations the most intelligent Christians will be sent out to other places; in some cases the expenses are paid by the natives, and in others they pay their own expenses.

Fourth.—Wherever congregations warrant it, there are church schools supported by the church, and under the supervision of the missionary in charge, stewards, deacons, or elders, as the case may be. It is the aim of the mission to make all its church schools entirely self-supporting. They are for the sons and daughters of the Christians, but they are also patronized by outsiders, and thus are becoming a valuable evangelistic agency.

Fifth.—The mission has now a number of

church primary schools, which are largely supported by the natives, and from which there are coming out young men and boys who have a strong desire for further instruction, who are ready to work to obtain it. It is the aim of the mission to provide high-schools or academies at its larger stations; the mission must provide the foreign teacher, the salaries of most of the native teachers, the beginning of an educational plant; but from the start the current expenses, the lighting and heating, janitor's wages, and the board of the pupils, will be entirely borne by the natives.

Sixth.—In the training of our workers we meet with the most serious problem and the one as yet unsolved, but we believe, as we go on step by step, God will solve it for us. We see no reason to believe that in the early church there was a regular stated pastorate, and we are not yet urging this upon the Koreans. However, some few years ago the Sai Mun An church did issue a call to one of our most able workers to come up and take charge of its work, and the little Chan Dari church has now

for the past two years told the young man who started the work there to give most of his time to preaching of the Word, and has promised to supply whatever he or his family may lack.

Once or twice a year the leaders in our country and city work are gathered together in Bible and training classes. These classes generally last about a month, and, with the Bible as text-book, we try to direct the studies of our leaders, and to fit and prepare them for their work. One or more missionaries are usually associated in these classes, and church history, outlines of systematic theology, and Bible exegesis are taught. The practical is never lost sight of, and these class meetings are always made times of special evangelistic activity in the cities in which they are held.

In addition, on our evangelistic tours, a number of these men accompany us, sometimes at their own expense, sometimes at the expense of the church to which they belong, and sometimes the expense is borne by the missionary. In this way, these men receive a

practical training in preaching and organization that they could get in no other way. The foreign missionary with such a company has his peripatetic school, and generally finds himself forced to be prepared to answer questions on almost every subject and in almost every science.

At the present time it is our aim to take the picked leaders, and by means of this summer and winter training and these Bible classes, supplemented by the practical training that we can give them by associating them with us in our work, and having them accompany us in our itinerating evangelistic tours and assist us in the organization of churches, to train up a class of thoroughly equipped leaders, well grounded in the faith, who know their Bible and are able to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

Seventh.—A decidedly new departure in mission work has been made in the matter of books and publications for the natives. They not only pay for them, but pay a price that very nearly approximates the cost of production.

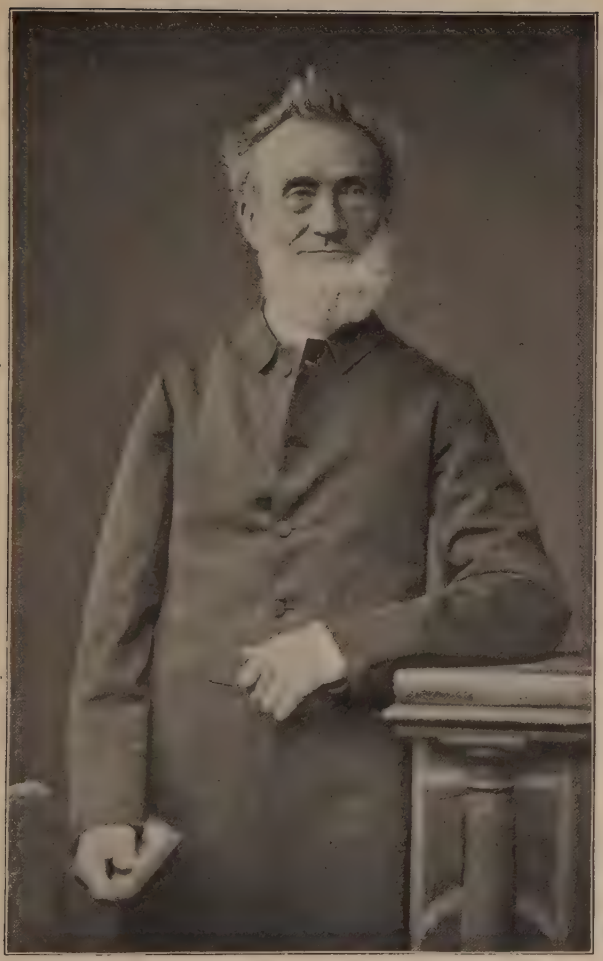
Eighth.—The same element is made to appear largely in our medical work. Medicine is given to the poor, but the rich are expected to pay full price for medicine and for visits to their homes.

After sixteen years' of work in Korea, the Presbyterian churches who have followed this system are able to report one hundred and eighty-six out of one hundred and eighty-eight self-supporting native churches with a baptized membership of over three thousand, contributing during the year nearly seven thousand yen, and almost entirely supporting and carrying on their own work.

No. XII

Among the Bristol Orphans

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER was converted in 1825, at the age of twenty, and turned from all worldly pleasures—the card-table, the dance, the billiard-table, the wine cup—to find his whole portion in God; and, in 1829, four years later, he made an unreserved surrender of himself to God, henceforth to have Him "all in all;" giving up the love of the world, of money, of fame, of pleasure, of applause, for the love of God. At once he felt in himself the desire and yearning to go to a foreign land as a missionary, and particularly to India. Five times in succession he offered himself for this service; but for some reason not then apparent, God did not accept him for this form and field of activity, much to his disappointment and surprise. He did



George Müller

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF MR. MÜLLER.

permit him, however, in various ways at once to become a *helper to others* who did go forth, and even to the extent of assisting more than one hundred men to enter the foreign field by aiding them pecuniarily as well as in other ways.

Afterward, from the Church he gathered, and to which he so long ministered, *sixty* persons were sent to the various parts of the mission field; and he was permitted, by prayer and faith, in later years, to assist hundreds of other missionaries both to get to their chosen spheres and to help them in their active service.

Still more marvelously God permitted George Müller himself to go forth on mission tours, to forty-two different countries, to preach and teach and testify. He went into most parts of Europe; three times he was in the principal centers of population in America; twice in the main cities and towns of Canada; twice in India; in the Straits of Malacca, in China, Japan, New South Wales, Victoria, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. For

seventeen years of his later life he, with his wife, moved about, traveling in all over two hundred thousand miles. He was able to speak in three languages—English, French, and German—and in other tongues through an interpreter. God thus gave to him, who in youth wondered that he was not accepted as a missionary to foreign lands, abundant and marvelous opportunities. In Russia for eleven weeks he was in the princess' palace, speaking in immense drawing-rooms to the highest dignitaries and estates of the realm; and thus among the highest and lowest alike he gave his witness to a prayer-hearing God, showing how God delights to use those who are surrendered entirely to His will, and ready to be only *instruments* that all glory may be His.

Mr. Müller always emphasized prayer as the one great weapon for carrying on God's war against the powers of evil; urging, first, that only God can *qualify* or *select and send forth* men and women for such missionary service. Hence, the command in Matt. ix: 38, "PRAY ye therefore the Lord of the har-

vest, that *He* would send forth laborers into His harvest." Secondly, he urged believing prayer as the only source of confidence for *blessing on their work*. In answer to united and believing supplication that God would abundantly own their labors, in the salvation, sanctification, and edification of souls, Divine blessing may be surely expected. Thirdly, he urged that prayer must *command supplies* for all needful temporalities. Fifty times as much wealth lies at the disposal of God's people as they have ever yet consecrated and utilized; and if they are to show greater liberality, God must move His people in answer to prayer, to completely surrender themselves and their property at His call.

This venerable founder of the orphanages in Bristol gave a magnificient testimony to a prayer-hearing God, drawn from personal experience of God's dealing. This is a summary of the results of his life work. The sum total of money, received and expended by him, was about $7,000,000—all received in answer to prayer, without asking any man for

a penny. Mr. Müller solemnly challenged any one to show any case in which he had sought pecuniary help from man, even in the greatest difficulties, it being his distinctive purpose to demonstrate to an unbelieving world and a half-believing Church that God may be depended upon for supplies in answer to prayer.

These are the ways in which this immense sum of money has been expended :

1. Aside entirely from the orphanage work, there have been established schools for 123,000 pupils in various countries—Great Britain, Europe, Asia, etc.—and through the schools many thousands have been converted.

2. The work of the wide circulation of the Scriptures in many different languages has been carried on. As soon as Spain and Italy were opened to the Bible he entered these countries at once with the Word of God, and distributed 275,000 Bibles, 1,426,500 New Testaments, 118,000 portions of the Bible, such as Gospels, etc., and 21,000 copies of the Psalms,

3. Upon direct missionary labors, in various lands, $1,275,000 have been expended in the support of hundreds of missionaries, who have been, in God's hands, instrumental in the conversion of at least 20,000 persons in heathen and Moslem communities.

4. Tracts, pamphlets, books, and various kinds of Christian literature have been scattered, in various lands and languages, to the number of 106,500,000! And who shall measure the blessing thus reaped as the harvest of such wide seed-sowing? Letters come to the orphanage day after day, sometimes five and ten at a time, communicating knowledge of the wonderful way in which God has owned the dissemination of Christian literature in widely scattered fields of labor.

5. Then comes, last but not least, the *orphan work*. Five massive buildings have been erected on Ashley Down, at a cost of some $575,000, for building, fitting, and furnishing. These buildings have a total of 500 rooms, and can accommodate 2,050 orphans and 112 teachers and helpers. The average sum ex-

pended yearly in support of these orphans is $130,000.

All this colossal work, the like of which no one man in our generation has ever wrought, is all to be traced to *believing prayer*. Here was a solitary man, entirely without money or independent means, in simple reliance on the promises of a prayer-hearing God, undertaking to support hundreds of missionaries, distribute millions of Bibles and other books and tracts, build five huge orphan houses and support two thousand orphans, travel over forty-two countries, preaching the Gospel and bearing his witness to the faithfulness of God; and yet he never had any property in lands or money in banks wherewith to meet these immense daily costs. Thousands of times he did not have enough in hand to provide even the *next meal;* and had prayer-meetings between meals, to ask supplies for the immediate need; and yet, in fifty-five years, he never knew one instance in which the prayer was not answered and the need met, though sometimes literally only from

meal to meal, with no adequate surplus for the next! And let it be noted that in order not to weaken his testimony to a prayer-hearing God, he enjoined on all his helpers never to make known the exigencies of the work to any one outside the institution, but to unite with him in spreading all such wants before God alone; and, lest his annual reports might be thought to be indirect appeals, for some three years no report was published, and yet the supplies continued to come with as little interruption and in as great abundance as before.

To all this and more he bore his witness without self-glorying or vain boasting, but with the overwhelming consciousness of weakness and unworthiness, simply and only to show that God is a faithful God; and that every believer who wholly surrenders himself to Him and depends on believing prayer, may know God for himself, as the unchanging friend and helper of every suppliant soul, and equal to every crisis of need.

Here is a man who for more than sixty

years lived by faith and prayer, and had under his care thousands of orphans, without often knowing where the next meal was coming from, or rather *always knowing where it was to come from*, and so having no care beyond the care which prayer at once carries up to God and leaves at His feet, to be borne by Him, that we ourselves may carry no burdens.

Two of his long-associated coworkers were asked in substance the following question: "You have seen Mr. Müller in all circumstances—when there was plenty of money in the bank and plenty of food in the larder; have you noticed any difference in the measure of his composure and calmness of spirit at these different times?" One of these responded, "Not the slightest difference;" the other replied, "If possible, his composure seemed rather the *greater* when all supplies of money and of food are exhausted." Then followed another question, "How do you account for this? Any father would feel natural and unavoidable solicitude if his entire supplies for his children were exhausted; how

much more the father of two thousand orphans?" Then came another answer, never to be forgotten: "The only way I can account for this is Mr. Müller's own philosophy of holy living, which is that the *beginning of anxiety is the end of faith, and the beginning of true faith is the end of anxiety.*"

What a solution is contained in this pregnant saying for all our doubts and difficulties! We treat the living God as *dead;* as one who *was*, but *is* not, who wrought wonders of old, but has "forgotten to be gracious," or "in anger shut up His tender mercies." Would that we might come to the conclusion of the Psalmist (Psalm lxxvii: 10): "This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." It was my privilege to hear this holy man of God expound that Psalm at Bethesda Chapel on the morning of March 22d, 1891, and that exposition will henceforth be inseparable in my mind from the interviews that followed it, and the great testimony borne in the memorable public meeting of March 25th following. He

showed, with marvelous insight into the meaning of the Word, how the first half of the Psalm down to the tenth verse is the experience of a suffering soul that in unbelief refuses to be comforted even by the promises of God, whose spirit is in rebellion against God, so that the thought of God is not a comfort, but rather a burden, and the spirit complains, is agitated instead of peaceful, so that sleep departs and trouble deepens. Then, at the "Selah," which at the end of the ninth verse bids us "*Pause and consider*," and which marks the turning-point of the Psalm, he confesses, "This is my infirmity"; in other words, *I have been a fool!* From this point on, comfort comes. God's wondrous doings in the past are recalled, His unchanging and unchangeable fidelity to promise, and new courage takes the place of despondency. He who brought His people *out* of Egypt can bring them *into* the Land of Promise, their true inheritance.

What new power would enter into all holy enterprises could we but come to this same mind! We have been fools to doubt and dis-

trust the God who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think; and are slow to remember that, from the time of Christ's resurrection, God's *unit of measurement*, as to what He can do for us, is this: "According to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead."

Mr. Müller's confidence in prayer was boundless, yet childlike in simplicity. He gave this fact shortly before his death, to his coworkers, as a tonic to their faith. "I have," said he, "only yesterday afternoon received the answer to a prayer daily offered unto God for twenty-five years." And he said to me, "I have been daily praying to God for fifty-two years for the conversion of two men; and I have no doubt they will both turn to God, for God has laid on my heart, and permitted and enabled me daily for over half a century, to bear before Him in faith in the name of Jesus this request, and now I often praise Him in advance for what He is *going* to do in answer to my prayers."

May God, wherever these pages may be read, deign to impress this lesson, that the *one grand key to all the problems of world-wide missions is an alliance by faith and obedience and believing prayer with the God whose work it is to evangelize and redeem this world through the instrumentality of His believing people.*

Let prayer be offered as it should be, on the part of a peculiar people zealous of good works, in Jesus' name, and in the spirit of undoubting faith, and every result will follow that is essential to the speedy and glorious accomplishment of the work. God will thrust forth laborers, open the doors of access and of faith to the nations, open the hearts of His people to give money, and will visit with showers of blessing both the fields abroad which we till and the churches at home which send the workmen and bring in the tithes.

No practical question is more important to settle by definite and unimpeachable testimony than this: Does God answer prayer?

To furnish a convincing argument and illustration in proof of this, George Müller gave over sixty years of his godly life, and the results have been published to the world in the three thousand pages of his carefully written journal.

Of course some will doubt, dispute, or deny the sufficiency of even such proof, though so marvelously full and convincing. And one of these practical assaults on Mr. Müller's testimony appeared shortly after his death in a prominent New York paper. It reads as follows :

THE EFFICACY OF SPECIAL PRAYERS

To the Editor of the Sun :

SIR—A short time ago one of your correspondents, discussing the efficacy of prayer, referred to the experience of the late George Müller, who for many years conducted an orphanage at Bristol, England.

I resided in that country during most of the seventies, when George Müller was often described as the best advertised man in the Three Kingdoms. By a large number of religious people he was more

spoken of than were Gladstone and Disraeli, and accordingly it is not miraculous that, although he said he had never once solicited aid on behalf of his charitable enterprise, money in a continuous stream flowed into his treasury. Even to non-religious persons in Great Britain his name was quite as familiar as is that of Moody to-day.

Doubtless, Müller was quite sincere in his convictions, but by the very peculiarity of his method his wants were advertised throughout the world most conspicuously, thus receiving the benefit of a far greater publicity than would otherwise have obtained, and it being known that he was praying for money, money of course came in to him.

But were Müller's prayers answered invariably? According to a memoir by a personal friend, which has lately been published, this was far from having been the case, and he often felt aggrieved at what he considered a slight on the part of the Almighty, one of whose "pets" (to quote Dr. Savage) he evidently imagined himself to be. For example, he prayed for two of his "unconverted" friends for nearly fifty years without avail. There was absolutely nothing in his career which could not be accounted for as the result of purely natural causes.

If it was possible to admit that what he looked upon as answers to his prayers were due to special interventions of Providence in his behalf (in other

words, to favoritism), the question would inevitably arise, Why have the prayers of thousands of other Christian people, whose faith is quite as strong as Müller's, been disregarded? What are we to think of the little band of enthusiasts who left this country for Jerusalem a few months ago to see Christ "appear in the clouds," and who, at last accounts, were reported to be starving, with no immediate prospect of a return to their homes? LECTOR.

NEW YORK, November 22, 1899.

This unknown writer takes an easy way of evading the force of Mr. Müller's life witness. He contends that "the peculiarity" of George Müller's method, and the great "publicity" thus obtained, made him the "best advertised man in the Three Kingdoms," and so money poured in upon him from all quarters. Thus the most conspicuous testimony to a prayer-hearing God, furnished by any one individual in our century, is dismissed by him with one sweep of the pen, for he concludes that "there was absolutely nothing in his career which could not be accounted for as the result of purely natural causes."

In answer to this I beg to submit twelve

facts, each abundantly attested, and already presented in my memoir of Mr. Müller, but not in this consecutive form of statement:

1. For sixty years and more Mr. Müller carried on a work for God, involving an annual average expenditure of $120,000, and never once, privately or publicly, did he make any direct appeal for money.

2. Of all the large staff of helpers in the institution at Bristol, no one is ever allowed to mention to an outside party any want of the work, however pressing the emergency, and such helpers would be dismissed from the staff if they did so.

3. Thousands of times correspondents have inquired as to the existing wants, but in no case have they received information, even though at a crisis of peculiar need, because the object was to show that it is safe to trust in God alone.

4. Reports of the work have been annually published, and, no doubt, have largely prompted gifts; but even these cannot account for the remarkable way in which the

work has been supported. And, at times, in order to show that dependence was not placed on these reports, they were not issued, in one case for over two years, yet there was no cessation of supplies.

5. The coincidences between the need and the supply can be accounted for on no law of chance or awakened public interest. In thousands of cases the exact sum needed, or exact supply required, has been received at the exact time when needed, and when it was impossible that donors could have had any knowledge of the facts.

6. The facts spread out over too long a time and fill too broad a field of detail to allow of their easy dismissal as due to a wide advertising system. Mr. Müller had thousands of recorded cases of definite prayer for definite blessings, and of equally definite answers.

7. Many interpositions and deliverances were independent of human gifts altogether, as on one occasion when a break in the heating apparatus necessitated a new boiler. No sooner had the repairs begun than a severe

north wind set in which risked the health and even the lives of over four hundred orphans living in the house, which there was no other mode of heating. Mr. Müller carried the case to the Father of the fatherless, and the wind shifted to the south and blew soft and warm till the repairs were complete.

8. Hundreds of cases occurred in course of sixty-five years when there was not enough food for the next meal. God only was appealed to, and never but twice was it needful to postpone a meal, and even then only for half an hour! How could even direct and systematic appeals to the public have brought supplies for hundreds of orphans and helpers with such regularity for all those years?

9. Again let it be noted that the supplies always kept pace with growing wants. Mr. Müller began on the most modest scale, and the orphan work was only the last of five departments of the work of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. Can it be accounted for on any purely natural basis that the popular heart and purse, without even full infor-

mation of the progress of the fivefold enterprise, responded regularly to its claims?

10. Again, many a crisis which was absolutely unknown to contributors was met successfully by adequate supplies, without which, at that very time, the work must have ceased. At one time one penny was absolutely needful, after all available funds were gathered, and that penny was found in the contribution-box, and it was all there was found deposited!

11. Again, Mr. Müller found that his relations to God always determined the measure of his help from man; that is to say, unless his fellowship with his heavenly Father was closely maintained, all else went wrong. The more absolute his dependence on God, his separation unto Him and his faith in Him, the more abundant and manifest His deliverances, so that as he became the more independent of man the more he received from God through man.

12. Another fact remains, that the work, since his death in 1898, is carried on by his son-in-law, Mr. James Wright, and his help-

ers, on the same principles and with the same results. Mr. Müller's personality is removed, yet the same God honors the same mode of doing his work, independent of the human instruments employed.

Mr. Müller, I will add, did not regard himself, as this correspondent suggests, as one of the "pets" of the Almighty. In fact, he considered it a mark of the degeneracy of the Church that the spirit of unbelief so prevails that his experience should be regarded as exceptional and looked on as a wonder. He believed every disciple is called upon to exercise just such faith, though not to do just such a work.

As to his "praying for two unconverted friends" for over fifty years, it was not "without avail." According to the report of a relative, one of them was converted a few months after Mr. Müller's death, and he had said to me that he had not a doubt that he should meet them both in heaven, for, as he added, "my heavenly Father would not lay on me the burden of two souls for so many

years if He had not purposes of mercy regarding them."

Mr. Müller's life purpose was to furnish to the world and the Church a simple example of the fact that a man can not only live but work on a large scale, by faith in the living God; that he has only to trust and pray and obey, and God will prove His own faithfulness. The reports published were with sole reference to the work already done, and because donors were entitled to such knowledge of the way in which their money was expended. Mr. Müller never used his reports as appeals for help in work yet to be begun or carried on. Nor was his personal presence or influence necessary, for he traveled for eighteen years in forty-two countries, seldom mentioning his great work, and never except at urgent request; and during all this time the work went on just as when at home.

One thing is obvious—there is a wide field open for experiment. Let those who honestly believe that Mr. Müller's great life work was entirely to be accounted for on a natural basis

give us a practical proof. Let an institution be founded in some of our great cities similar to that in Bristol. Let there be no direct appeal made to any one beyond the circulation of annual reports; or, if you please, let there be the widest advertising of the fact that such a work is carried on, and that dependence is on public aid without direct solicitation. Let there be no prayer and no God acknowledged, lest some one should think it to be religious and unscientific, and lest pious people should be moved to respond. The unbelievers outnumber Christian disciples at least five to one, and the constituency is therefore very large. Let us by all means have the experiment conducted not on the faith basis, but in strictly scientific method! When we see an infidel carrying on such a work, building five great orphan houses and sustaining over two thousand orphans from day to day without any direct appeal to human help, yet finding all supplies coming in without even a failure in sixty years, we shall be ready to reconsider our present conviction that the living God

heard and helped George Müller to begin with a capital of one shilling, and take care of over ten thousand orphans annually, give aid to hundreds of missionaries, scatter millions of Bibles and tracts, and in the course of his long life expend about $7,500,000 for God and humanity; and then die with all his possessions valued at less than eight hundred dollars!

No. XIII

A Miracle of Providence

DURING the past century some great crises arose in the history of the Romish hierarchy, which are signs of the times and marked proofs of God's superintending providence.

One of these had a very marked effect upon the history of Protestant missions. Just before the middle of the century a series of events began which continued for twenty-five years, and has no parallel in its peculiar character in the annals of the world. Many of the nominal adherents of the Romish system, themselves, regarded it as a day of God's judgment upon the sins of the papal hierarchy.

In 1846 began the pontificate of Pius IX. It lasted for thirty-two years, thus exceeding the term of any of his predecessors, but it was one long period of revolution. Within two

years after he assumed the tiara, Count Rossi, his minister, was assassinated, and the pope himself fled to Gaeta, a republic being set up at Rome under Mazzini. In 1850, under protection of Louis Napoleon and his army of occupation, the pope returned to the Vatican, but he came back to Rome an absolutist of the worst sort, ready for the most aggressive measures or arrogant assumptions.

He reestablished, for instance, the papal hierarchy in Protestant Britain, boldly dividing it into Roman Catholic dioceses, and sanctioning a Romish university in Ireland while denouncing the existing queen's colleges in that country. This will be remembered as the origin of that politico-ecclesiastical controversy in Britain over what was known as the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill."

He then grew bolder, summoning, in 1854, the Vatican Council which proclaimed the dogma of the "immaculate conception" of the Virgin Mary, thus reenforcing her claim to Divine honors and worship by affirming that she was not born in sin, and so had no

need of the atonement. This has been pronounced "the most violent strain of papal prerogative to be found in the annals of the papacy." For the first time, and with boundless audacity and arrogance, a pope, on his own responsibility, added an article of faith, to reject which was to forfeit salvation; for Pius IX. called his bishops to Rome, not to determine upon and to decree this dogma, but to promulgate it. It was already determined beforehand. The implication was that the pope himself was infallible, and his next great step was formally to decree and declare this also.

The march of events was rapid—the Austrian invasion of 1859, with Louis Napoleon's victories at Magenta and Solferino. Victor Emmanuel came to the front, and Count Cavour. In 1861 the Italian Parliament proclaimed Victor Emmanuel king of free and united Italy. In 1866 he became responsible for the integrity of the pope's dominions, and the French forces withdrew. Again, for a time, the French troops occupied Rome, and

under shelter of their presence Pius IX. called another Vatican Council on December 8, 1869. A thousand ecclesiastics in august procession and gorgeous apparel moved up the nave of St. Peter's, with a disgraceful disregard of order and decorum that would have dishonored a political caucus; by Jesuitical intrigue and violent measures, on July 18, 1870, the Roman pontiff was declared possessed of infallibility, and thus the summit of papal arrogance and blasphemy was reached in one who sat in the temple of God showing himself that he is God.

At the time when this result was reached, a thunder-storm was rolling over the Vatican, as though heaven itself were remonstrating against such an impious assumption of Divine attributes by a mortal man. The time had come when God seemed to say, in unmistakable language, as to Belshazzar, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting! God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thy kingdom is divided and given to others."

That very year the period of one thousand two hundred and sixty years was complete, reckoning from the death of Phocas; and, within twenty-four hours, the Franco-Prussian War was declared. Louis Napoleon, the pope's protector, withdrew his troops, and those of the King of Italy took possession of Rome. The "infallible" pope now became prisoner in the Vatican! The longest pontificate of history thus beheld the shattering of the temporal scepter! Pius IX. had decreed the immaculate conception, exalted papal supremacy, declared himself infallible, and affirmed that temporal sovereignty was indispensable to the support of his spiritual scepter; yet God chose his own pontificate as the time of the loss of the temporal power. Since then, in France, clericalism has been the declared foe of the nation, and the papal yoke has been broken, as also in Austria, Germany, and Central America. With the assertion of infallibility came the beginning of the end of papal dominion and usurpation.

Papal Rome has taught justification by

works, penance, purgatory, masses for the dead, intercession of saints, the worship of the host and of the Virgin Mary, and decreed immaculate conception and papal infallibility. With the last two daring assumptions, God's forbearance ceased and swift judgment descended. Well may men stand in awe at such signal catastrophes in history!

A further and consequent fact shows that this was a providentially controlled series of events, for they suddenly opened *new doors to papal lands*. Before 1870 one could not carry a Bible into Rome, unchallenged, nor hold there a prayer-meeting or Gospel service. Thirty years later there were thirty Protestant chapels within sight of St. Peter's dome. In France, just three centuries after the massacre of the Huguenots, R. W. McAll, unhindered, was preaching the Gospel and dotting the country with his *salles;* and, in the land of Torquemada, Ximenes, and the Inquisition, where thirty thousand had been burned to death, and ten times as many had suffered pains and penalties, Bible carts were on the

streets, even in Madrid itself, and missionaries, not of the crucifix but the cross, were preaching to the people.

And now, at this very crisis, God sends to France—a papal country—a man who showed a most remarkable preadaptation for a mission among the French *ouvriers* at this exact stage of affairs. Three things were needful for a complete fitness for the peculiar work then undertaken, in addition to those spiritual qualities, which, of course, are like bed-rock for any Christian enterprise to build on. There was needed a man who could assimilate rather than antagonize; some one who could adapt buildings to the purposes of popular religious meetings, and some one who could help in the new service of song. Robert W. McAll was a man who, instead of attacking Romanism, kindly and winningly and positively presented the charms of the simple Gospel. He was a trained architect, and could draught a plan for building or at once modify an existing structure to the purpose of a religious service; his wife was both a poet and a musician, and could,

therefore, write hymns and set music to them, and then preside at the organ and conduct the song-service. In these and many other points they found and felt, when they got at work, how strangely and unconsciously God had prepared them for it, in even minute particulars.

The McAll work may be viewed in three aspects: as wonderfully adapted to the precise wants of the people; as manifestly purposed in God's eternal plan; and as remedial of the anarchy which was then and still is one of the most threatening perils of modern times in France.

Those who know this work from the inside will acknowledge that, since the apostolic age, there has, perhaps, been no mission more precisely adapted, in its methods, measures, and its workers, to the circumstances and the times.

Gambetta had protested against clericalism as "the foe of France." There had been great defections in the ranks of the papacy, and many who have since been conspicuous had gone out from the Church of Rome. There was thus a

very wide-spread revolt against the priesthood, and many prominent Frenchmen were, unconsciously to themselves, Protestants. At this precise time, just after the Franco-Prussian war, Mr. and Mrs. McAll went to Paris. Had he been any way identified with clericalism; had he adopted a clerical dress, manners, or methods, or in any other respect made himself like a priest, he would have failed. But the simplicity of his methods attracted the working people and disarmed all hostility. Moreover, he never asked for money; not a centime was solicited for all the privileges of the halls, though the people had been always accustomed to pay the priests for every private or public service of the Church. And so that humble man took the common people of France by storm.

When McAll had stood on the boulevard in Belleville, at his first visit, a workingman had stepped up to him and told him that hundreds were ready to hear the Gospel of truth, who were sick of forms and ceremonies. It was to him another Macedonian cry, and he and his

wife went into the midst of the Commune, into the very quarters of anarchy, unarmed, as Livingstone went through Africa, and lived among them. He thereby won confidence and love by the gentle suasion of his simple life. It is one of the sublime stories of the century, this whole-souled devotion of these two people, who gave themselves and their slender fortune, with absolute unreserve, to this mission. And there was a foreordained fitness in them for the work. It was God who chose for the beginning of this work the very time when papal power was waning, and so this man and his wife, not knowing what they did, except that they obeyed the will of God, went to France.

Cav. Luigi Capellini, founder of the "Evangelical Military Church" in Rome, in 1872, is another example of this providential adaptation of the man to his work, and of the door opened at that very time in another papal country—in Rome itself.

His term of service strangely synchronizes

with McAll's at Paris, and he was called "the soldiers' friend," as McAll was "the friend of *les ouvriers*." God meant Capellini's work for men who were serving their term in the Italian army, and it was meant of God to reach them while in the barracks. It was, therefore, in such surroundings that he himself found light through Castioni, the Bible colporteur. His own conversion, and the time and manner of it, suggested to him the remarkable sphere of his twenty-five years' service and fitted him for it. He was to lead young men out of Romish errors, and so he was bred in them. It was through seemingly accidental contact with the Word of God, some stray leaves of which he picked up in the streets, that he first came to know his darkness and grope after light; hence the prominence given by him to the circulation of the Scriptures among the soldiers. Those whom he was to lead to a new faith and life must meet opposition and persecution; and so God trained their leader in the school of antagonism.

The career of this "Gospel captain" with his military church makes obvious that "for this same purpose" God raised him up, fitting him in advance, and with a strange exactness, for the precise work for which he was destined. The aptitude is seen, not only in his experience, but, back of that, in his whole private history and personal character and training. His simplicity of aim, native courage, singular tact, passionate love for young men, organizing faculty; his indifference to personal discomfort, his readiness of resource, his humility and spirituality—such combined elements of fitness could be accounted for only by One who, aforehand, makes His instruments ready for His work.

No. XIV

The Wonders of God's Word

WHEN the speech of a tribe is first reduced to writing, it seems to them a miracle—the paper talks! John Williams tells how the Raratongans were excited and overawed when, for the first time, they saw him send a written message to his wife, as Paton afterward did, with the same effect, at Aniwa. In chapel building he had need of his square, and, picking up a chip, he wrote on it with a bit of charcoal a few words, asking his wife to send, by the bearer, the missing tool.

He requested a chief, who was helping, to take the chip to Mrs. Williams; but, thinking the missionary to be playing a joke on him, he asked, "What must I say?" "Nothing," said Mr. Williams; "the chip will say all

that I wish." "But can a chip talk? Has it a mouth?" He got what he went for, and, still more perplexed, could only exclaim: "See the wisdom of these English! They can even make chips talk!"

A similar experience was that of Rev. Egerton R. Young, when, with a brand snatched from a camp-fire, he first astonished his rude audience of Western redmen by writing on a rock before them, in syllabic characters, the name of God.

The translation and diffusion of God's Book must be estimated, therefore, by its whole effect on the life of a people. Not only does it elevate individual converts, and the moral character of a community, but it lifts their language to a new dignity, ennobling it as a vehicle of communication between man and man, and as a mould of popular literature.

Tribes have been brought to light by exploration in the heart of Africa or inland China, Patagonia or Alaska, South America or the Isles of the Sea, whom centuries of ignorance and superstition had degraded to

the level of beasts. With no written language, the spoken language was both the matrix and the cast of the life they live, the counterpart of their thought and habit. The words of a people are but their spoken works, and express the aims they live for, the lusts they live in, and the means they live by. The language of a people is therefore at once the mirror and the mould of those who speak it. It has an ethical value as an index of habit; for, in speech, indecencies, immoralities, and inhumanities find reflection and revelation.

To give God's Word to such tribes, therefore, puts beneath their whole life a lever such as Archimedes imagined wherewith to move the world. It is providing for their character and inner selves a new power. They, like Kepler, learn to "think God's thoughts after God," to love Him and love what He loves and as He loves; and their language expands to meet these new conditions. Its limited vocabulary is enlarged, and new words are engrafted into it, to express and convey new ideas, or old words are invested with new

meaning. And so, during this mission century, many barbarous forms of speech, wrought over, have become God's silver trumpet of witness; or, as Dr. Cust says, the "golden censer" for prayer and praise. God has made the speech of depraved tribes of men, that had been used for vile and low ends, a chosen vessel to receive and convey the message of grace. No words can express the infinite gain when a debased language is so transfigured as to be capable of communicating scriptural and spiritual conceptions of sin and guilt, repentance and faith, pardon and purity, patience, humility, love; and, above all, the holiness of God!

The triumphs of the Word of God stand, therefore, conspicuous. Considered in itself, as God's messenger and missionary, belonging to no sect, having its own unique character and fitness for a world-wide mission, it has shown itself a living book by its power to give life. Could its secret history be written, and that of the millions it has reached with its saving truths, it would astonish us. Now and

then some pathetic fact comes to light which indicates some of the riches of this unwritten history; but the full truth can never be known until the hidden things are brought to light. The Bible tells no story and writes no history of its own travels, experiences, and successes. Its kingdom comes without observation, for its work is done so quietly and secretly as to escape general notice. A few known instances may serve as hints of this work of God's mute messenger.

In Spain, for example, a little Protestant child, dying in a public hospital, gave to her nurse, a "sister of charity," her only treasure, a New Testament. During the few days following, the man who kept the Bible depot found women stealing in after nightfall to buy copies of the Word—so soon had the seed begun to take root.

In an assembly of rude gold-diggers, resting at noon, a new "hand" had made his first appearance with a motherless boy, whose pockets, mischievously searched by the miners, revealed a dead mother's last legacy—a Testa-

ment. In mere sport one of the men began to read aloud. Was it an accident that he turned at random to the story of Jesus walking on the sea, then to the parable of the good Samaritan, and then, as the wind blew over leaf after leaf, the book opened to that most pathetic of all tales—the crucifixion? The loud laughter and profane oaths had already been hushed, but as he came to the "Remember Me" of the penitent thief, and the answering "To-day" of the Lord, the book fell from the hands of the reader, amid a silence broken only by sobs, until from a hoarse voice back in the throng there came the words:

"Will no one pray? Can no fellow remember a prayer?"

The little lad bent down to pick up his book, but he was caught up by strong arms and bidden to pray. He could say no prayer but that which his infant lips had learned at a mother's knee, but every head was bared and bowed. The Book had once more won a hearing, and from a rough crowd of godless men.

The Book can do more than command an audience. It has often, unaided by man, won a soul to God; and in some cases disciples, won to Christ by reading the Bible, have found out each other and formed little congregations, when as yet no missionary had found them.

A native evangelist, visiting a village near Calcutta, discovered a band of young men meeting statedly for Bible study and worship, and reading the Word openly before their neighbors. The leader of the band had been to Calcutta and had there been induced to read God's Book. Hence the movement had grown on his return. A copy of one Gospel in the vernacular, found in the pocket of some cast-off clothes, has been similarly used to convert men. Again, a missionary met a man who begged to be allowed to buy of him a Bible, and from him he learned how, eleven years before, a blacksmith had bought a copy, and for all these years had been reading with two companions, accepting Brahmanic rage and opposition as the price of their freedom.

They had not yet met with one Christian. This man who wished for a Bible himself had only heard the Scriptures read by others, yet he was well acquainted with the New Testament. When the worn-out Book, which had been thus for eleven years searched by these heathen men, was brought to the missionary carefully wrapped in a cloth, he confesses to have touched it with a feeling of reverential awe.

Sir Charles Aitchison has testified from personal knowledge that in India no book is more studied than the Christian Bible. Peshab Chunder Mozamdar, leader of advanced Brahmos, publicly advised native students at Lahore to read it as the "best book they could read." The most wealthy Moslem in Islamabad, Kashmir, possesses the Word of God, and in Southern India a juvenile society was formed in a college, for Scripture study. In Japan the Scripture union numbered ten thousand members ten years ago, and they met in over eight hundred places for regular study. A French pastor found a group of

two hundred, whose only nucleus was a copy of God's Word bought from a colporteur eleven years before—and so in Spain and Mexico and South America. Moffat found a Bechuana woman, whose unselfish ministries to the missionary awakened surprise; but, when she pulled out of the folds of her dress a Dutch Testament, which her child had brought back from a Christian school at Cape-town, and said, "That is what keeps the oil burning in me," he understood it all.

No wonder Erasmus pleaded for a translation which weavers might repeat at their looms and farmers sing at their plows!

"China's Millions" tells the story of Chu and an old Bible-seller from Chau-kia-keo. While he and the colporteur were speaking, a violent man came along, and, seeing the "foreign devil's" books, scattered his Bibles broadcast, the colporteur fleeing for his life. Mr. Chu picked up an armful of the books to return them to the poor old man, but he was gone. So he took the books home and read them, and became much interested. Some

time after, the violent man, who was a terror to the whole city, wrote a book about the foreigners and asked Mr. Chu to paint some pictures to illustrate it. The pictures, he said, must represent the foreigners taking out the eyes of the natives and causing them to fall down wells, etc. But Mr. Chu had been reading the books, and was afraid to do any such thing.

He soon learned to love his Book and believe in God. He did not, however, know anything about the Sabbath or about worship until, traveling north of the Yellow River, he came in contact with some missionaries, from whom he learned a great deal. On returning to his home, he fell in with another man who had heard the Gospel in other parts, and the two got quite friendly, and started worship in his house every Sunday, and invited the neighbors to attend. For years this little congregation has continued to meet in a city which was considered almost impregnable.

Mr. Chu is a fine, warm-hearted, strong character. One would think from the way he

speaks of his little gathering that he had been a pastor all his days. This is the tenor of his conversation concerning the little band he has gathered around him: "This one is a bit cold, he was so earnest at first. This one is coming on nicely, he has not been with us very long. This other is passing through a time of trouble and we are praying much for him. Another is suffering a good deal of persecution just now, but he is holding firm," and so on.

The Rev. Mr. Graham, of Tokushima, has given an account of a Japanese Christian, Tosaburo Oshima, baptized in 1898, in his seventy-second year.

This case is remarkable for the esteem in which this old man held the Word of God. When, in old age, failing sight threatened to deprive him of the privilege of reading the precious Book, he actually set about making with his own hands a copy of the New Testament in characters large enough for his own use. He began with Matthew, in 1890, and, by great labor, in three or four years carried

the work to completion. It embraces twenty volumes, an imposing library, "eloquent in its story of devotion to the Savior, in whom he learned to trust after more than threescore and ten years in heathen darkness." The body of the text is in black ink, and the headings of chapters in red, to assist the eye. Frequently the Chinese and Japanese characters are introduced side by side, to aid in grasping the meaning. When he has no intimation beforehand of the subject of the sermon, he carries all the volumes to the service, and when the chapter is announced, searches out the needed portion, finds the place, and follows the public reading of the Scriptures. His character is held in highest esteem, even those who speak harshly of others always referring to him in terms of appreciative praise.

The Earl of Harrowby, President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in May, 1890, called attention to a still wider influence of the Word of God—the change of tone as to religious matters in France, Italy, and Spain. On the one hand, there is an alienation of the

people from the existing churches and the priesthood; on the other hand, a strange willingness not only to read, but to buy the Word of God: bitterness against ecclesiasticism and clericalism, and an irreligious type of education; and yet an increased sale of the holy Book. A newspaper in Italy printed the New Testament in sections for its readers; and Henri Lasserre, a Frenchman, himself translated the Gospel narratives into the language of his own people, and with the approbation of the Romish authorities!

It is a great honor to have taken any part in aiding these triumphs of the Word. It is full glory enough for one man that his epitaph records how "he translated the whole Bible into a language, the very name of which was previously unknown"; how "he had found all the tribe savage pagans, and left them decent Christians." To have borne any part in such a work is an honor which is its own reward. Godly women have lent a hand in translating, revising, and correcting proofs, as did the second Mrs. Carey, who nobly aided her

great husband. Native converts, themselves a short time before rescued out of the horrible pit and miry clay of superstition and ignorance, iniquity and idolatry, have made it possible for the missionaries to issue proper translations, and have, in some cases, become themselves independent translators into languages totally unknown before, but discovered in their own exploring tours among surrounding tribes.

The advance of the Word of God especially strikes us in reviewing the last century.

Its divine Author has singularly helped on its wide-spread victories, multiplying sevenfold its available translations, supplying it to all the leading nations of the world and to all those of secondary rank, in their own tongue; in many cases giving it to a people who had previously no written language, laying as the basis of all their literature His own corner-stone.

Results grow greatly in grandeur when we consider how God has provided for the multiplication of copies of His Word, and at so low

a price as to be universally within reach, harnessing to the chariot-press His great steeds—steam and electricity—so that with lightning speed the Word may be reproduced for man's use.

Outside the Chamberi Evangelical Mission, Madrid

No. XV

Evangelical Missions in Spain

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE FENN

IN September, 1868, occurred the most memorable of the many revolutions which have taken place in Spain. Remarkable for its suddenness, its universality, and its almost bloodless character, it was also unique in its results with regard to religious liberty.

Only a few years before that date several intelligent Spanish Protestants had been banished for attempting to meet for quiet worship and Bible study in their houses. Two English missionaries, who had been endeavoring to spread the truth by distributing a few copies of one of the Gospels, Epistles, or a New Testament, became painfully conscious that their steps were being watched, and thought it wise to leave the country. Only

an hour or two after they had crossed the frontier an order to arrest them reached the border town. In their absence they were condemned to nine years' penal servitude. These facts plainly show the attitude of Spain with regard to the Scriptures and evangelical doctrine prior to 1868.

In God's providence, at that time, measures were taken to extend Madrid northward. Roads were cut through the large elevated piece of ground known as the *Quemadero*, or burning-place of the Inquisition, exposing to view the long-buried remains of its victims. The sight of bones, singed hair, charred wood, and rusty chains brought to mind most vividly the cruel work of "the Holy Office." The spectacle was used by the eloquent Dr. Echequerhay in a powerful harangue on religious intolerance, in the Cortes, and led to an almost unanimous vote in favor of liberty of conscience and worship. This liberty was duly proclaimed by the new "provisional government." The banished Spanish Protestants were at liberty to return "with their Bibles

under their arms,'' and the country was open to all kinds of missionary work. The opportunity was speedily improved by the entrance of a few missionaries from Great Britain, Ireland, the United States, Germany, and Switzerland. These represented various bodies of evangelical Christians, so that in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Cordova, and one or two other important cities and towns, Gospel work was energetically carried on. Public preaching for some time was necessarily almost entirely in the hands of Spaniards, who had returned from banishment, until foreign missionaries had acquired sufficient facility in expressing themselves in the language to speak in public assemblies.

There was manifest a considerable amount of inquiry concerning the doctrines so new to almost all who heard the preaching, and a wide-spread curiosity as to what the ''heretics'' taught; and in the above-named towns meetings were very full until the curiosity was somewhat satisfied, and a personal acceptance of the teaching or its rejection began to

separate the different classes of hearers and thin the numbers. D. Antonio Carrasco and D. Francisco Ruet, both long passed away, were the most sought after as preachers in Madrid at the beginning. Much was done by the missionaries in house to house distribution of portions of Scripture, the free distribution of tracts, and by the sale of books in fairs and markets in various parts of the country.

As education was in a low condition, erelong day-schools as well as Sunday-schools were opened, and, when well managed and conducted by converted teachers, have had much success, affording opportunities for spreading the Gospel, both directly and indirectly, far beyond what is generally supposed. The training of young women for school-teachers in S. Sebastian has been an important part of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, of the American Board. Something has also been done in Puerto St. Maria in preparing young men for Christian work. This was under the superintendence of Dr. Moore, from Ireland, until he was called up higher.

Through the openings of God's providence, and the leadings of the Spirit, one of the centers of mission work of all kinds for twenty-six years was just on the border of the Quemadero, in Madrid, to which reference has already been made. It has been a corner of the vineyard blessed of the Lord. It is a populous and growing district. Many thousands of children have been educated in the schools (which, for some years after their establishment, were supported by George Müller, lately gone to his rest); large numbers of old and young have heard the Gospel, and not a few have accepted the good news close to the spot where, up to less than a century ago, men, women, and even children, suffered martyrdom for their faith and their steadfastness in rejecting Rome's perversions of God's truth. A goodly number of the converts have already joined those martyrs in the presence of the Lord. Many are scattered over the country, as well as over other Spanish-speaking lands. God has taken to Himself Mr. Fenn, who labored there for many years,

but the work goes on prospering under the superintendence of Mr. Charles E. Faithful.

It may be truthfully stated that, in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Saragossa, and a few other capitals of provinces, the knowledge of good news of a present and eternal salvation has been within the reach of all, although comparatively few have availed themselves of their opportunities. It has also penetrated many smaller towns and a goodly number of villages. Where the evangelist has not reached, the colporteur has found his way and left some copies of the Scriptures, unless, as also is not unfrequently the case, contrary to law, he has been driven out by the local authorities. Among the poor, simple, honest people of the northwest there are many little churches of steadfast and often suffering Christians, old and young. The fishing town of Marin and various approximate villages in Galicia are especially fruitful. Through printed reports from the northeast we learn how the truth is spreading there through a variety of means.

I know of no place in Spain where the truth has been faithfully preached by God's servants, whose lives have been consistent, without more or less fruit in conversions within a short space of time from its introduction; and while in no part has there been a striking general awakening, it is also true that in various places and times there has been a special gracious visitation of God's Spirit in connection with the ministry of the Word. It must not be imagined, however, that even after thirty years of liberty, the whole of Spain is being evangelized, for you may travel by rail one hundred, or even two hundred, miles in various directions without passing any town or village where evangelical work is being carried on, and it is increasingly difficult to open up new spheres for the following reason:

From 1868, for a few years, there was much real liberty, and, as has been stated, some of the earliest workers began at once on entering the country to do something in the cities, while studying the language, by giving portions of Scripture from door to door, distribu-

ting Gospel tracts in the streets and roads, and by inviting the people to come and hear the preaching, and for one year preaching in the open air was tolerated; but, from the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of Alfonso XII., a reaction commenced, by which liberty was considerably curtailed. All sign-boards outside the "temples" (the official name for Protestant places of worship), or school-rooms, had to be removed or painted over, and all aggressive propaganda apart from these buildings became illegal. No "public manifestation" of the Protestant religion was henceforth permitted. These ambiguous terms left room for a variety of interpretations, according to the character of the government in power, or, in the provinces distant from the capital, according to the views of the local mayor. The missionaries have generally understood it in its most liberal sense, and have put their announcements inside the doors of their buildings, but visible from without, and from time to time have distributed to the public printed notices of meetings. Both foreign and Spanish

Christians have done considerable tract distribution in town and country, and Sunday-school children in some parts have walked in file from their school-rooms to the "temple." Still, as the Jesuits have regained ground, there have been troubles in all evangelical centers or their offshoots, varying in character with places and circumstances. The greater the distance from the capital, the more frequent are the hindrances, and the more difficult to overcome. An appeal to the highest authorities in Madrid has often been successful in obtaining all the liberty the law allows; but even this has sometimes failed of late years, and the work in some parts has been stopped, and in others the attempt to commence has been rendered impossible.

In one case an architect was induced to pronounce the building either unsafe or not otherwise suitable for meetings, while in another the "temple" was so ecclesiastical in its structure that the principal entrance must be perpetually closed, lest "the faithful" should mistake it for a church, and the worshipers still have to

enter by a more private door at the side. In yet another instance the local authorities wished to widen the thoroughfare just where the Protestants had purchased a piece of land to build a simple hall for meetings.

It is not at all an infrequent occurrence that a colporteur, properly licensed to sell books, is roughly treated, and ordered out of the place by the priest and mayor, and threatened with the burning of his books and the imprisonment of his person if he refuses to obey orders. Then, too, various poor Protestants in the provinces have been imprisoned for refusing to do reverence to the wafer god in the street or road. There is then sufficient evidence to prove that Rome only awaits her opportunity to repeat the persecutions of the Middle Ages.

Yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and, added to them, the universal excitement caused by the Cuban and Philippine rebellions, and the consequent war with the United States, there are not wanting in Spain inquirers after truth. Ears are open to hear and hearts

to receive it in many parts of the country, and in most parts missionaries are going on with their work as usual.

There is, however, a revived dislike to foreigners, especially those that belong to the Anglo-Saxon race. This apparently will be a hindrance for some time, yet God, in His wonderful providence, can even overrule this for the greater extension of the Gospel. May it be by means of the Spaniards themselves, endued with the power of God!

The question has often been asked, are the professed Spanish converts consistent in their lives and persevering in their confession of Christ? This is an important question, for they are surrounded by opposing influences, and subject to petty persecutions and pecuniary losses by becoming Protestants. We have heard from workers, especially in the south of the country, some most discouraging experiences on both these points, and doubtless every missionary in every part has had some sad disappointments, and we certainly have not been exempt, for some have professed without

possessing, and have fallen away either to return to Romanism or to their sinful habits, or both, while others have backslidden and been restored. But the number is by no means small of those whom the Gospel has thoroughly transformed, and who have steadily and steadfastly followed Christ in the midst of difficulty and even persecution. Listen to a carpenter preaching and telling the story of his own conversion: how, more than sixteen years ago, he was arrested in his wild career of sin and folly; how he came to hear the preaching as to an entertainment, but went out convicted of sin and an earnest seeker of salvation; how he obtained pardon and peace, and with them power to live a new life.

Here are two intelligent women—mother and daughter—who were among the early converts, after the revolution. The elder daughters had been brought up in a convent school till their mother heard and received the truth; but they also heard and believed, and, having learned the ways of the Lord through His word for fifteen and twenty-five years

respectively, have had charge of evangelical schools, and have taught in the Scriptures the thousands of children whom parents have put under their care. See those young mothers with their children. They were brought up in the day-schools, and two or three of them as orphans, entirely under the care of the missionaries; they were early converted and are bringing up their children in a godly way.

Truly the Gospel is suited to every nation and people and tongue, and produces like fruit everywhere, even in those countries which for hundreds of years have been under the fearful spiritual bondage of Rome.

It must not be forgotten, however, that, with the exception of those educated in our evangelical schools, the converts have much to unlearn as well as to learn. Their consciences, previously being (if working at all) under the power of their confessors and guided by their Church, are not all at once educated according to the Scriptures and exercised toward God, and consequently, while there is much zeal and earnestness, at first for some time there

are inconsistencies which would be altogether inexcusable in persons brought up under Gospel influences; but, generally speaking, indeed so far as we personally have observed, they are thoroughly separated from Mariolatry, saint image worship, and every form of idolatry, and the spiritually minded hate what they call the "smell of Rome."

One of the most difficult lessons for a convert from Romanism to learn is to speak the truth habitually, as before God. Romanism classifies untruths. There is the malicious lie, the prevarication permitted to avoid unpleasantness or shelter another; the mental reserves authorized, and the misstatements made to advance the cause of religion. This last is a meritorious untruth. To have to learn, then, from God's Word that all lying is abominable to Him must be a hard lesson. This is especially so with the converted priest, who not only has been so well instructed concerning these diversities, but has been doing his diligence in instructing his parishioners in the same.

We were not associated in work with converted priests, but were acquainted with more than one who had fully unlearned Rome's teaching on this point, and we can testify concerning the large majority of converts we know, who had been neither priests, friars, nor nuns, that their word could be trusted. The greater number of the hundreds of children constantly under instruction in our schools, very soon after entering, are exercised concerning truth speaking. A carpenter remarked that if he got an apprentice boy from the Protestant schools he could trust his word, but he could not in the case of any other boy.

What a lack of mutual confidence must exist in families, in social circles, in business transactions, and in the country generally, where convenience has to decide whether truth or falsehood has to be uttered! Such is the condition in Spain and every other country where Rome has the consciences of the people in her power; and such must be the case in our Protestant countries in proportion

to the extension of Romanism in them. Can there possibly be national prosperity where mutual confidence is largely lacking?

It is of vital importance that they who serve God, in the Gospel, in Spain and other Roman Catholic countries, should be men and women endued with power from above, for their work. There can be no doubt that the elaborate buildings, the gorgeous apparel of priests, the smoke and smell of the incense, and the mysterious genuflections of the Roman worship, produce sensations of awe and reverence in the worshipers. These things, of course, can have no effect on the conscience, heart, or life, nor can they appeal to the intellect. The effects are purely sensational, but these sensations are often mistaken for spiritual experience by those who know not what true Christian experience is. In Spain, when a convert has known the transforming power of God, he quite throws off, and even hates the mummeries of his former belief.

"I feel something here when I come into a service or prayer-meeting," said a poor woman,

pressing her hand over her heart. She had not attended many times, and there was certainly nothing to call forth feelings of reverence in that plain room—a carpenter's workshop transformed into a preaching-hall, with no other adornment than a few texts on the walls. "Oh, those hymns! How they speak to my heart," said another. "It makes me ill to go into a church and see the images and people repeating their paternosters and counting their beads on their knees before them, for I remember that I used to do the same." This was said by a young woman much tried in circumstances, but taught of God. "I have done with all that," said a colporteur, when a friend wished to take him into the cathedral of a city through which they were passing.

The simple preaching of the Gospel in correct Spanish, in dependence upon the power of the Spirit, will draw people, even though by coming they bring down the anathemas of their Church upon them; but let the preaching be without power, although perfectly Scriptural,

and they will not come. Let the prayer-meeting be formal; let the prayers be speeches to God instead of heartfelt thanksgiving and definite petitions for felt needs, and the interest will fall off, congregations will dwindle away, and those who have been only hearers will either return to Rome or become indifferent. When power is lacking, it is of little use to endeavor to maintain interest by fine buildings or ornate services, for there is no possibility of competing with Rome on those lines. An eloquent speaker, it is true, can generally gather a congregation; but only the Gospel, preached with the power of God's Spirit, can deliver souls from the woman seated on the scarlet-colored beast of the seventeenth chapter of Revelations.

It is impossible to foresee the future attitude of the Spanish government with regard to Protestant propaganda, but surely He who so marvelously opened the door thirty years ago, and has kept it open until now, will overrule even the most untoward events to the advancement of Christ. Let us only do our part to-

ward the evangelization of this unhappy land, either in going ourselves or helping to send those of His servants whom He is preparing for these various spheres, and thus be workers together with God according to His will.

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